

# THE ACADEMY

AND

## LITERATURE

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### THE . . . EYE-WITNESS

Edited by HILAIRE BELLOC.

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## REVIEW OF THE WEEK

HAVING just returned from the West Riding of Yorkshire, we have learned something of the position of the coal crisis there. The idea of a strike is most unwelcome to the miners, who in this case—as always—are merely pawns in the game played by salaried officials—officials whose emoluments are thought to be justified when they can make a specious show of value to their paymasters. In addition to the salaried officials a few of the herd of Syndicalists—the most pestilential product of School-Board “education”—are scattering their pernicious seed. These latter people are simply anarchists, entitled—on a diagnosis—to special legislation of a drastic kind. They are of course an evolution of Socialism, as the Jacobins were a by-product of the vain and illusory Girondins. So long as there is a bottom rung, the sentimental and foolish persons who pause halfway hugging a saving clause will always be outstripped in the end by pupils who improve on the methods of their teachers. We know the Yorkshire miner well. He is generally quite a good fellow, who utters curses not loud but deep against the thralldom to which he is reduced by the petty tyranny of Union officials and their camp-followers.

Hereditary bondsmen! Know ye not

Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?

They have a passionate desire to strike the blow, and all that prevents them from doing so is that they are inextric-

ably fettered in the bonds which maudlin and self-seeking politicians of both parties have forged.

It is a pity that some ingenious inventor does not turn his attention to the production of a machine to indicate the strength of the young man's—or young woman's—fancy, when in Spring it lightly turns to thoughts of love; it would have saved a certain suburban Vicar so much trouble. His difficulty may be summed up in his own words. “Often,” he has observed, “a young man is keenly distressed to discover, when it comes to the point, that a young woman about whom he has been thinking a lot has £600 in her head when he only has £300 in his pocket;” therefore he has started a “register of willing brides,” upon which interesting document each eager lady's name is coupled with the minimum income for which she proposes to marry. In effect these dear, innocent girls remark: “Don't love me unless you have (say) £500 a year—it will be wasted affection; but . . . if you love me very much my rates might be reduced to £400.” And the young men of the district (we are not going to mention its name) will, if they are equally innocent and inexperienced, drop on one knee, sigh, and whisper hoarsely into fair and shell-like but avaricious ears: “I love you, and my income is so-and-so,” to be met, belike, with the disheartening reply: “George, make-it-another-fifty-and-I'm-yours.” Ah, dear! Not thus is love to be wooed; not thus are the pearls of romance to be trodden under foot. We seem to hear a gentle echo from an old-world story, “Whither thou goest I will go . . .” and we imagine that even in this practical age fragrant blossoms will hardly grow in so sordid a garden as this.

We confess to looking forward with a certain amount of trepidation to the exhibition of the works of the new Italian school of “Futurists” which is to be opened in London shortly. We may, of course, become accustomed to “Futurism,” even as we became used to Impressionism, motor-cars, nut-faddists, and last summer's tropical weather; but when we read in a manifesto issued by these “advanced” artists that in painting a portrait “it is not the face that must be painted, but the whole of the atmosphere that surrounds it,” the uncomfortable sensation to which we alluded in our first sentence creeps uncannily over us. Our faces, for instance, at certain strenuous moments of life, may be surrounded by an atmosphere which on no account would we suffer to be painted and exposed to the vulgar gaze; there are limits. “On this idea,” we are told, “of conveying to the spectator the mental effects and psychical associations of an object, rather than the appearance of the object itself,” the productions of the “Futurist” are based. At present our own mental effects and psychical associations are not to be tampered with; they are impenetrably veiled. Putting it plainly, we are cross, and the surrounding atmosphere is quite uncomfortable enough without the added torture of knowing that in the far distant future irreverent juveniles may point at it, fixed irrevocably on canvas by a new-school Italian artist, and remark with giggles—“There—that's grandfather in a temper.”

The Anglo-German Friendship Society, to whose praiseworthy objects we have frequently alluded in these columns, is appealing for £5,000 to carry on its work. This Society was inaugurated on May 1st, 1911, with the idea of promoting sympathy and a more cordial understanding between the two great nations which are by custom more than by reality depicted as being in constant antagonism. The President, Lord Avebury, the Chairman, Mr. Frank Lascelles, and the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Cyril Rhodes, will be glad to receive donations at the offices of the Society, 16a, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.

## SOLITUDE

Breathe low, thou Wind! Awake no other sound  
 Than the faint murmur of the sighing tree  
 Which casts its spell on all the world around,  
 The while I meet, O Solitude, with thee.

Here is my peace. Life's warlike rush and roar  
 Call me in vain from my preferred retreat,  
 Whence in thine arms the aspiring soul may soar  
 To that far region where Time's breakers beat.

Lingering with thee, how calm in every thought,  
 Unmixed with haste's confusion, fear's alarm:  
 Within thy bosom the repose I sought  
 Stills every fret and folds me in its charm.

O'er seas of vision swift my fancy's sprite  
 Is borne to shores of future's fair domain;  
 While upwards, through imagination's light,  
 I trace life's purpose and the end of pain.

E. J. G.

Beyrout, Syria.

## ON LEARNING TO WRITE

THE young author of the present day assuredly stands in no lack of nurses. As soon as he is born—the auspicious event being signified by the appearance of a poem or an article in some kindly-disposed journal—he is taken by the hand, hugged, reproached, or smacked, and instructed by a score or two of tutors how to toddle towards the lowest step of the shining staircase of fame. He gazes, wide-eyed and wondering; he descries vague figures at the summit who have entered into the Delectable Land, to whom he and his awkward movements are invisible; with enormous struggles he climbs a yard or two, to be contemptuously displaced by others, and to fall with an uncommonly hard bump considering the limited height achieved. If he be of the brave, right sort, he will pick himself up, wait till the dust has settled, resolved to be but “seasoned by celestial hail of thwacks,” and dash boldly to the fray once more to learn whether it be in him to climb; if he be of the wrong sort he will sit where he has fallen, whimper a little into the ears of any sympathetic passer-by (generally a relative) and decide that the literary life is not worth living.

Our argument lies, however, not so much with the question of the babe as with his nurses and pedagogues; or, not to labour the image, with those who write books to help young men and maidens smitten with the *cacoëthes scribendi*. Can any one ever be taught how to produce stories, articles, humorous sketches, poems on Spring, and odes to a pair of carpet-slippers?—for all these must he do with facile pen, and many more, if he is to earn his living by writing for the papers. We are inclined to say, despite the volumes of hints on journalism which abound, that he cannot be so taught. He can be directed as to what the various papers require; told sapiently not to send essays on entomology to *Punch* or jokes to the *Hibbert Journal*; given to understand that the ability to construct a neat and witty paragraph may add fifty pounds a year to his income; warned that because he has written fourteen lines of about the same length with certain rhymes it does not necessarily follow that he has produced a sonnet: all these things are possible, yet the beginner may plod along sadly for years, subsisting upon the heavenly glory of his first cheque (“and heavenly food is very light,” sang Montgomery), remaining ever a beginner. He sees the procession pass by, but looks enviously in vain for a chance to enter the ranks. He has never been fit to enter them, or he would have been there—of that he may be fairly certain; for in no other profession

is the man who is gifted for it, “cut out for it,” as we say, supported by a more irresistible dynamic force. His energies may for years have been devoted to business, or to some other form of art than literature, but sooner or later the subtle unrest that constantly urges him to write will worry him into the struggle, will give him no peace until that memorable moment arrives when he takes a ticket for London. And then will come peace of a sort—the calm satisfaction that follows a long-considered decision.

Shall he then “take lessons” in his art? The simple fact is that his art will give him the lessons he requires—sometimes rather too freely for his comfort. To a certain editorial office, one summer day not long ago, came a vague individual with a large brown-paper parcel under one arm, asserting that he had some poems for consideration. Asked briefly but courteously to produce them, he began to untie the strings of his bulky burden. With admirable presence of mind the sub-editor soothed him, and persuaded him to leave two or three samples instead of a sheaf that would have taken half a week to read; and the poor fellow departed, shedding verses down the stairs. On another occasion a corpulent mackintosh bag, tied by many tapes, arrived by carrier, full of unspeakable verse, with a note to the effect that the author would follow. And in many editorial offices they will tell of nondescript persons who, having passed the stalwart guardians of the outer courts on some pretext of urgency, have exhibited “poems” which they offer to part with for five shillings or half-a-crown.

From one point of view—the immediate and superficial one—these incidents may raise a smile; think but a moment longer, and they become intensely pathetic. For these people were not wrecks, or wastrels, or beggars—they were respectable citizens, possessing a certain notion of the way in which words should be employed, of rhyme and reason, if not of poetry; they sincerely thought that their effusions were worth publishing. And parallel cases occur daily of articles just poor enough to be rejected, articles lacking just that indescribable vitality which might have saved them from failure, often interesting in a rather dull manner, and invariably written with a terrible earnestness in all the bravery of mediocrity. Their authors are those who will never learn the lesson that their art is trying to teach them; their work goes back for quite other reasons than those which compel the Editor sometimes to return good “copy”; they are recognisable as hopeless on the very first sheet of their typed imaginings. Will any number of “Aids to Young Writers,” or books with similar purport, place them within the charmed circle? No—for they have probably read many such informative volumes; they have been told of the wily split infinitive, warned off the deceitful “and which;” they have taken conducted tours through the pleasant lands of grammar and syntax, and absorbed more or less mighty tomes upon the mysteries of punctuation. They have been instructed to look around and to write of what they see; they do so, and are ineffably dull. Their fires are well and truly laid, but refuse to light. They have no “snap;” if they try to be brilliant, they succeed only in being clumsy; fumbling laboriously with language, with the painful effect of a pianist who should endeavour to play a Chopin fantasia with tight gloves on his hands.

Such writers exist in thousands, and rarely do they realise that their failure is the surest teacher of all. One man will write a column upon a fly buzzing round the window-pane, and hold you fascinated; another will take a tragedy of love or death and bore you. The first has no need for books of instruction; to the second all such books will be useless. He may rise to the success of having very solid articles in print on the number of old oak rooms that Oliver Cromwell slept in, on curious customs of the



Cherokee Indians, on the rise and decline of knitted "comforters," or similar fearful and wonderful themes; he may even write a book which reviewers shall term "eminently readable;" but never will he come within hail of the true literary art, and Carlyle's words might well be pondered by him: "To speak or to write Nature did not peremptorily order thee, but to work she did." The great thing is to learn that lesson before it is too late.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

## IS IT A REVOLUTION?

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

Now that the country is threatened with the most appalling calamity of the present century, it is as well to try and understand what is the cause of the dispute. Is it a purely economic question which it may be possible to settle by arbitration and arrangement, or is it a deliberate attempt to force a revolution on the country by the trade unions? Even now but few seem to have a proper realisation of what a coal strike will really mean, and how it will upset almost every home and almost every industry in the country. The railway strike last August was bad enough, but its effect will be regarded as trivial compared to a coal famine throughout the land. In the first place, it was found possible to run a limited service with the assistance of volunteers and soldiers; but mining requires skilled labour of a peculiar type, acquired after long years in the pit which cannot possibly be replaced. If the dispute between the mineowners and the miners' unions is purely an economic one there is hope that it may be settled by arbitration, or by some neutral board of conciliation, or by the appointment of a Royal Commission; but the symptoms are alarming.

Up to the present there seems to be a strong inclination on both sides to carry the quarrel to the bitter end and to fight on general questions of principle rather than on specific technical points. General questions of principle where both sides feel they are in the right are much harder to settle than definite points where both may make some small surrender and thus save their faces. General principles are not susceptible of partial surrender; one side must give way if any arrangement is to be made. Take, for instance, the case of the South Wales mineowners. Two years ago they entered into an agreement with the men, and this arrangement has three years more to run. Now the men have ruthlessly torn up that agreement and ask for fresh terms. The South Wales owners have therefore withdrawn from the discussion altogether. Can any one blame them? What is the good of coming to a fresh arrangement when it may be cast aside six months or a year from now, just as the former one? Both may have their legitimate grievances, but no reasonable man can deny that as far as South Wales is concerned the owners are absolutely correct in the attitude they have taken up, not only in their own interests but in the interests of every industry which employs union labour throughout the land.

We are now reaping the harvest of the Miners' Eight Hours Bill, which pleased no one, and which has kept the miners in a state of unrest ever since it became law. It is a perfect example of the present Administration—hasty, sketchy, ill-digested legislation, which is rushed through the House without adequate discussion, understood by no one, and its effects only realised after it has been seen in practical operation. The average miner is a fine class of man, and a sportsman at heart. His work is not pleasant, but it is the best paid of all labour. No one cares to spend a great part

of each day working in the bowels of the earth, in danger from explosions, fire-damp, sudden rushes of water, and falls from the roof of the tunnels. But the old-time miner accepted the risk, pocketed the high wages, and sought compensation for the hardness of his life in pleasant relaxation during the week-ends at Blackpool, Stockport, or other of the seaside resorts which have sprung up near the mining districts.

Many of the best miners only visited the mine two or three times a week. They preferred to go down for a long spell, work hard while there, and make enough money in three days to provide for themselves and their families throughout the week. But the Miners' Eight Hours Bill changed all that. Now the miner cannot suit his personal convenience. He must descend the shaft for eight hours a day, and at the end of that period he must come up, whether he wishes or not. But the Bill has led to all sorts of complications which are very difficult to adjust. For instance, if a man has to go for two or three miles underground before coming to his seam he is naturally under a severe handicap when compared with the man who only has one hundred yards to go before commencing his work. The only satisfactory manner of paying a miner is by results, and this enables a skilful, hard-working man to earn more than the weakling or the idler, even though he may remain below the surface for a similar period of time.

The present crisis has arisen because the unions demanded a minimum rate of wages throughout the country, the sum to vary according to local conditions. Against this demand the owners are making a determined stand. Can they be blamed for doing so? What would be its result if it came into operation? Simply this: the hard-working man would lose his incentive to do the best for himself and his family, and thus rise above his fellow-men; while the idler and the wastrel would do a minimum of labour, conscious all the time that, however little coal he sent above ground, his minimum wage would still be waiting for him. The conditions of mining are such that it would be impossible to exercise supervision over the men, and there is absolutely nothing to prevent a man from sitting in his seam and refusing to do any work at all. Under a minimum-wage system the owners would have to pay him just the same. This is a product of Socialist teaching, and must be resisted to the end. Among other disasters that would follow in its train would be the closing down of a very large number of mines—many of which are now worked at a loss—and the consequent throwing out of employment of thousands of miners.

What will be the outcome of the present dispute? As we go to press (Wednesday) the Government have stepped in, and Mr. Asquith has invited the representatives of both masters and men to meet him at the Foreign Office on Thursday. This offers a ray of hope, but a very feeble one. We have little or no confidence in the ability of the present Government to settle the matter equitably. They will undoubtedly concentrate all their efforts towards making the owners give way to the unions; or else seek to set up some patchwork arrangement which will not settle, but merely postpone, the evil hour. The country is faced with a Revolution. The trade unions wish to show their power. They tasted of it in the railway dispute in the summer; the weakness of the Government on that occasion has encouraged them to try another round with the forces of law and order, and this time they carry a far more formidable weapon with which to deliver their attack. The owners are fighting for a great principle, and we hope they will stand firm. Whatever evils may result to the country from the suspension of the mining industry for three or four weeks, it is far better to fight the matter out now than merely to yield an inch, knowing perfectly well that within a year an ell will be demanded.

## WHAT IS CORRECT ENGLISH?—II.

THE omission of the aspirate is a peculiarity of vulgar speech which demands separate consideration. It is usual to explain it as the result either of ignorance or of carelessness in speaking. This explanation is quite inadequate. No degree of carelessness will cause a person who constantly sees the word *Hampstead* to pronounce it 'Ampstead. It is clearly a case of that phenomenon familiar to linguists, the innate indisposition of certain nationalities towards certain letters. The Scotch refuse to sound the final *l*, the English the final *r*, the Germans the initial *w*, the French and Italians the initial *h*, whilst the latter decline even to write it. How then has it come about that the last-named idiosyncrasy is also found in the urban population of these isles? We can only suppose that it was introduced by French immigrants at the time of the Norman invasion, and that the confusion of usage in respect to the pronunciation of this letter originated at the same time as most other anomalies and inconsistencies of our language.

This piece of unrecorded history is remarkable for two reasons. In the first place, it is interesting to note that the diction of the conquered Saxon triumphed over that of the conquering Norman, and that the descendants of the invader are to be found most abundantly in the lowest strata of our town population. Secondly, it is interesting to observe that the now damnable heresy of ignoring the aspirate was—like the heresy of Arius—at one time in a fair way of becoming orthodoxy—a fact deserving the notice of all who regard the rules of correct English as fixed by immutable reason.

It may also be noted in this connection that the phrases "this here" and "them there" (the French *ceci, ceux-là*)—the vivid, demonstrative form, so alien to the phlegmatic Saxon, so characteristic of the lively Gaul—are usually found associated with the tendency to drop the aspirate.

It seems, then, that the aversion which educated people feel towards what are classed as vulgarisms of speech is not caused by any violation of their logical or grammatical sense. To what cause, then, are we to attribute it? The chief objection to the vernacular is probably not to its idioms or its word-forms, but to the intonation of the vowel-sounds. Yet even here it is hard to find any reasonable ground for our dislike. What, for example, sounds more disagreeable than the Cockney pronunciation of *Daily Mail* as "Dily Mile," yet if we consider the words phonetically we shall see at once that the latter is the true sound of the diphthong in question, and there can be little doubt that it was originally so pronounced.

There is clearly nothing intrinsically hateful in the vulgar intonation. In fact, Cockney English differs from educated English much as Doric differed from Ionic Greek, and many consider Doric to be the more pleasing of the two.

The cause of our dislike must, then, be sought in some difference of speech more subtle than can be represented in writing. In this respect a bad accent may be compared to a bad tone in music. Just as a bad tone will neutralise the effect of a faultless performance, so a bad accent will prejudice us against an otherwise unimpeachable diction. The cause of this phenomenon in music has been minutely investigated by science. It is now known that quality of tone depends simply on the presence or absence of dissonant overtones, and the art of the performer to produce a good

tone is nothing but the power to reduce these dissonant overtones to a minimum. The same art may be practised with the human voice, and there is no doubt that members of that class who devote much time to social intercourse do constantly and instinctively practise the art of modulating their voices in a manner calculated to produce the most agreeable effect upon their hearers. This art the poorer classes have less motive and less opportunity to cultivate, and their intonation is, therefore, generally more harsh and disagreeable. For the rest, we can only explain the aversion educated people feel for the diction of the masses by the force of association; vulgarisms are ugly simply because they call to mind all those disagreeable attributes of body and mind produced, especially in crowded centres, by the conditions of life among the poor. To find a remedy is the task not of the grammarian, but of the social reformer.

It might be inferred by the tenor of these remarks that we are seeking to prove that the English of the poor is superior to the English of the well-to-do. Such is not our intention. It is true that after reading the Scotch poems of Burns or the dialect poems of Tennyson or Kipling we are often tempted to believe any natural dialect superior in force, simplicity, and the power of vivid imagery and terse expression to the standard English of the educated classes. But this, we suspect, is a delusion. These virtues probably reside not in the dialects themselves, but in the master minds that used them. To form a true opinion on the question it is necessary to escape from the charmed circle of literature and examine the language actually spoken by the people. Maria Edgeworth gives somewhere an account of some police-court proceedings against a shoeblack arrested for assault, in which the prisoner's address to the magistrate forms a choice specimen of vernacular English:—

Why, my lard, as I was going past the Royal Exchange I meets Billy—"Billy," says I, "will you sky a copper?"—"Done," says he—"Done," says I—and done and done's enough between two jantlemen.—With that I ranged them fair and even with my hook-em-snivey—up they go—"Music!" says he—"Skull!" says I—and down they come three brown mazzards.—"By the holy you fleshed 'em," says he—"You lie," says I.—With that he ups with a lump of a two year old and let's drive at me—I outs with my bread-earner, and gives it him up to Lamprey in the bread basket.

So far from being simple and natural, this specimen of English is obscure, affected, allusive, euphuistic; it is clear, in fact, that it has all the qualities of the most debased literary style. The same qualities are to be found in the urban vernacular of to-day. The purport of our argument is simply to show that a great deal of what is called bad grammar is not bad grammar at all, but simply varying idiom. The problem of English teaching in our national schools is constantly before our educational authorities. From time to time indignant citizens write to the papers demanding to know why the children of the poor are not taught better English at school. Indeed, in all the discussions verging upon this topic one assumption is always tacitly made—that the English of the upper classes is right and the English of the lower classes wrong. It is this delusion which we are seeking to dispel. King's English is simply one among many dialects of our language. It has the same virtues and the same vices as they, and its only superiority over any other of these dialects proceeds from the social superiority of the class who speak it. Whether, therefore, it is desirable that the children of the poor should be laboriously schooled to imitate all its peculiarities, its vices as well as its virtues, must still be regarded as an open question.

JOHN RIVERS.



## COWBOY SONGS\*

BY FRANK HARRIS.

THIS collection of "Cowboy Songs" suggests a good many questions, but I think it settles once for all the century-old dispute as to the origin of folk-songs; have they indeed sprung from the so-called heart of the people, as the good Germans, with their touching belief in German virtue, would have us believe, or are they to be attributed to the solitary efforts of unknown genius?

A casual reading of this book, one would imagine, must decide that point at least beyond dispute. The people who believe in the spontaneous generation of folk-songs are always confronted by the difficulty that the poetry belongs to the remote past, and does not show itself in the present; but this they explain by the sameness of civilised life and the fact that poetry demands extravagant passions and wild and strange happenings as the subject-matter.

Yet if ever there was a life which lent itself to poetic description it is the life of the cowboy—a life of perfect physical enjoyment and strange adventures from morning till night; adventures with wild beasts and wild Indians and wilder white men. No border raid was ever more exciting than the rounding-up of five or six thousand wild Texan cattle stampeding madly into the night. There never was a more varied life. Worn out with the day's work of seventeen hours in the saddle, the cowboy had perhaps to face a Texan "Norther" at night, and a fall in three or four hours of fifty or sixty degrees in temperature without winter clothing at hand to shield him from the icy blasts. Half asleep under the paling stars, he was likely enough when throwing buffalo chips on the fire to stir up a rattlesnake who had crawled to the warmth and sheltered himself on the lee side of the wind. At the rounding-up and branding of fresh herds he had to face "passes" as dangerous as those of the bull-fighter, and to show even greater knowledge of the nature of the animals he was handling.

The life on the trail itself was an education in heedlessness. Week after week of perfect weather and lazy riding in hot sunshine behind the stringing cattle; yet woe betide him if he became really careless and failed to notice the faint signs that would show he was being followed by increasing bands of Indians, for if he were lulled to carelessness some early morning the camp would be surprised, the half-sleepy cowboys shot down, and the whole herd driven off by a band of red marauders. The danger can be expressed in figures; in the early 'seventies cattle could be bought at a dollar a head anywhere south of St. Antonio to the Rio Grande which were worth in Chicago and St. Louis from twelve to fifteen dollars a head. In three months ten cowboys could drive a herd of six thousand cattle to market. The whole expenses of the driving would hardly amount to a dollar a head, so that the return on the capital was sixfold, and yet very few people made money by it. Two herds out of every three were wiped up by the Indians.

If ever there was a life which lent itself to romance and poetry it was this life of the cowboy on the "Lone Trail" from Spanish America, with its painted churches and the lazy life of landed proprietors on great haciendas, and the ceremonies of old-world religion, to the hustle and jump of the cattle-yards of Chicago.

This book shows that the life may be as exciting, as dangerous, as romantic as you please, and yet may never develop poetry at all in any real sense. You turn over the

pages of this book and a feeling of dismay grows upon you. You get verses like this:—

## THE KANSAS LINE

Think I heard the noisy cook say,  
"Wake up, boys, it's near the break of day,"  
Way up on the Kansas line,  
And slowly we will rise with the sleepy feeling eyes  
Way up on the Kansas line.

The cowboy's life is a dreary, dreary life  
All out in the midnight rain;  
I'm almost froze with the water on my clothes,  
Way up on the Kansas line.

Or, worse still, this "Cowman's Prayer" which wanders about heedlessly rather than blasphemously to this "realistic" conclusion:—

One thing more and then I'm through—  
Instead of one calf, give my cows two.  
I may pray different from other men  
But I've had my say, and now, Amen.

But the eye is suddenly caught by something better:—

## THE COWBOY'S LIFE

For a kingly crown  
In the noisy town  
His saddle he wouldn't change;  
No life so free  
As the life we see  
Way out on the Yaso range.

The rapid beat  
Of his broncho's feet  
On the sod as he speeds along,  
Keeps living time  
To the ringing rhyme  
Of his rollicking cowboy song.

Hike it, cowboys,  
For the range away  
On the back of a bronc of steel  
With I careless flirt  
Of the raw-hide quirt  
And a dig of a rowelled heel!

And when we get to the end we find that this poem is attributed to James Adams; and coming to verses like those of "Dan Taylor," though they are unsigned one hears distinctly an individual voice, not only in a love for uncommon words, but also in the subservience to the metre once established:—

He used to be a cowboy,  
And they say he wasn't slow,  
He could ride the bucking bronco  
And swing the long lasso.

He could catch a maverick by the head  
Or heel him on the fly,  
He could pick up his front ones  
Whenever he chose to try.

He is done and quit the business  
Settled down to quiet life,  
And he's hunting for some maiden  
Who will be his little wife.

He will leave off riding broncos,  
And be a different man;  
He will do his best to please his wife  
In every way he can.

These "Cowboy Songs" are not poetry for the most part; they are not even good verse. I am inclined to say that

\* *Cowboy Songs, and Other Frontier Ballads.* Collected by John A. Lomax. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

there is no passage in the book to be compared with one of fine rhetoric which has come to us from Australia :—

And he sees the vision splendid of the sunlit plain extended,  
And at night the wondrous glory of the everlasting stars.

But though it is clear that high poetry is only written by great poets, it is also true that now and then out of the forgotten past we have lines and verses of noble poetry ; nuggets of gold half-hidden in the quartz scoria of common verse. Are these just survivals of great poetry lost and pieced out to a drab completeness by common hands ; or are they occasional efforts of gifted singers who could not keep the high level long enough to write a great poem ? One can answer this question almost as one pleases.

In our Border Ballads there are many varieties of both sorts. We have the verse in "Edom O'Gordon," when Edom has killed a young girl :—

He turned her over with his foot,  
O gin her skin was white,  
"I might ha' spared that bonny face,  
To have been some man's delight,"

which is good enough and simple enough for some unknown William Morris to have written. There are lines, too, of a weird inexplicable charm :—

It fell about the Martinmas  
When nights are long and mirk.

And every now and then you come upon a perfect verse, like the famous one :—

Last night there were four Maries,  
To-night there'll be but three.  
There was Mary Seaton and Mary Beaton,  
And Mary Carmichael and me.

You find ballads like "The Unquiet Grave," which opens magically :—

The wind doth blow to-day, my love,  
And a few small drops of rain ;  
I never had but one true love,  
In cold grave she was lain,

which might have been written by a greater Wordsworth, and yet which appealed so little to the taste of a later day that Buchan transmuted the pure gold of the first line into—

Proud Boreas makes a hideous noise,

which is indeed true of the unspeakable Buchan.

For my part I find no such genius in these "Cowboy" verses as is to be found in English and German folk-songs ; not a poem in the whole book to be compared for a moment to "Fair Helen of Kirkconnell," either in desperate hate or in pathos :—

I hacked him in pieces sma'  
For her sake that died for me.

I wish I were where Helen lies,  
Night and day on me she cries,  
And I am weary of the skies,  
For her sake that died for me.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that great poetry is only written by great poets, that the opportunity matters nothing ; the life may be as adventurous as you will, as splendid and picturesque, as strange and wild as you please,

but the one thing needed to give it significance is the "sacred singer." He is the creator and maker, and without him the most magnificent life will pass into oblivion and leave no memory.

The lack of genius in America is the most potent and most inexplicable fact ; perhaps when they have cultivated all their prairies they will begin to think of cultivating themselves ; then in the pitiless glare of ordinary life some one may grow to be a tree and cast a shadow.

## ARTISTIC FURNITURE IN OLD COUNTRY HOUSES

BY HALDANE MACFALL

No man, be he philistine of philistines, lacking in observation or blunted by the commonplace, who has the slightest sense of beauty or comeliness, can have failed to notice the widespread improvement in the furnishing of the home to-day when set against the confusion and lack of taste of some twenty years ago. The "greenery-yallery" colouring of the aesthetes had at least this quality, that it went with an interest in mediæval surroundings ; and undoubtedly the vogue for old oak was largely due to this academism—though not wholly ; in the studios the artists of the 'sixties had created a love of old English furniture, if a somewhat haphazard love. By the mid-nineties there was something like order setting in and making form out of chaos. The dealers were becoming keenly interested, and the value of old pieces steadily began to rise. Now it so happened that this reverence for old furniture had been an established virtue in America for some time, and the American market was rapidly becoming exhausted. So, when 1900 struck, the demand for old English furniture made the study of it a most essential and profitable form of research.

The American writers—always thorough in research—were doing sound work, even if their decisions were somewhat at hazard and their dates vague. They were, however, exact scholars compared with the officials who arranged our national collections. Then came an artist who had given his life's work to the subject, and Mr. Percy Macquoid published the four famous sumptuous volumes which brought further order out of chaos. By this time—a few years ago—the study of old furniture was become almost a science. But Mr. Macquoid's decisions were often clearly arbitrary ; and his method of writing made his superb volumes most difficult to understand, as difficult at times to codify, and left great gaps of vagueness, as books of reference. They were, beyond question, the greatest works upon the subject so far within reach of the student.

One thing they did beyond challenge—they vastly increased the value of old furniture. The possessors of family heirlooms found their belongings—many of which had been flung into attics—to be of astounding value. They began to gaze with sad eyes at the "rubbish" they had scattered as "useless" amongst the cottages.

Some eight or nine years ago it happened by chance that I took up the study of old English furniture, and was engaged a considerable while upon the heavy research, up to a little time ago, when there appeared a volume which made me realise that at last there was about to be given to the world such a work as made it futile for me to continue beyond the middle Chippendale period, concerning which I had published my last researches—a work which largely put



even Macquoid's volumes out of date, though Macquoid's sumptuous work will always be a necessity to the collector owing to its splendid illustrations. Cescinsky's "Eighteenth Century Furniture" does not cover the age of Oak, but for the great age of Mahogany it must become the supreme authority for many years to come.

This past decade has been a marvellous period for artistic scholarship, unrivalled heretofore. Unfortunately, artistic scholarship almost inevitably baulks artistic creation; and as with painting, so with the applied arts, the creative force, and certainly the creative achievement, have been overwhelmed, or at least have fought a losing struggle, against artistic scholarship. But for the old English homes this widespread interest in old English furniture has been a boon, for it has made such possessions enormously valuable. It is, therefore, of high importance that the history of old English furniture should be part of the knowledge of the gentlesfolk throughout the land; and many a gently nurtured girl would do well to master a knowledge of that history before the family possessions are snapped up by the dealers and traffickers in these treasures at low price. I remember as a young fellow staying in a country house where the large drawing-room was furnished in the comfortable "saddle-bag" fashion then in the vogue. I noticed an old chair in that room which was very beautiful, and have since, of course, discovered that it was one of the most exquisite examples of a Chippendale ribbon-back. The hostess told me that, as a girl, she remembered a suite of *sixty* of "the old things," but they were now in the many disused bedrooms of that great palatial house. I saw such a chair sold some years ago for 200 guineas, and an easy effort in arithmetic discloses to the curious that in those old deserted rooms were chairs—of which they possessed, 'twas said, Chippendale's bill—of the value some five or six years ago, if sold at Christie's, that would have run up to about £12,000! Now let us suppose that one of the daughters of the house had received as her bridal present those sixty chairs; she would have been deeply resentful! Not only so, but it is an undoubted fact that much of the best furniture of the past has found its way into the cottages upon the estates of great houses as discarded things. Many a daughter who has had to go out as a governess might have known fortune through a knowledge of old English furniture.

As an authority on old English furniture, I have been often asked to write upon it, and to recommend the best authorities upon it. This has generally been no easy task; but the appearance of the first and second volumes of the promised three by Cescinsky upon the furniture of the eighteenth century covers more than the half of the ground that I made specially my own. The Walnut age, that begins with the coming into his own of Charles II. in the year 1660, there is no gainsaying, makes the best beginning for a thorough mastery of the great age of Mahogany, since without a thorough knowledge of the Walnut the study of Mahogany is wellnigh impossible.

Mr. Cescinsky has come to his task with gifts such as are outside the hope of possession of such of us as have given years of research to the subject, as I am about to own; but added to his training and his gifts is a wide reading of every writer upon the subject who has brought sincere study to the fascinating business. As proof of this I apply a simple test. My researches have so far only been published in stray numbers of magazines and periodicals, yet I find that not a single detail of value has been missed. It has been my eager endeavour to get unassailable evidence for the periods of fashions—these periods have often lasted but five years or a decade, as I discovered again and again by processes too long to state here. I find almost without exception that by Cescinsky those dates are accepted which I know to be unassailable; and I am flattered to find that

more than a few guesses, which I gave frankly as guesses, have been tested and found correct.

Cescinsky accepts my law that the study of the chair is the key to the whole situation. He brings to the study of the chair and all joinery and carpentry, however, a knowledge the lack of which has ever been a source of profound discomfort to me, as to all other writers whom I have read—he has gone through the whole apprenticeship in youth to the crafts that create furniture; he has made a profound study of the tools, and of the period at which those tools were first introduced into the workshops. This alone made me realise, upon the appearance of his first volume, that my work was done, my labours upon the subject at an end. That I always see eye to eye with him I do not pretend; but where I differ I differ always with deep respect, and sometimes with a sneaking dread that I am wrong, since his training sets enormous value upon his findings.

Then as to ordered arrangement: writing with clarity and simplicity, Cescinsky's volumes set the subject before the mind with clear-cut sense of development, of progression, which is not wholly innocent (as I hope) of the endeavour I made, if without his deep knowledge, to make the subject easy for the man in the street. He does not take palatial types of elaborate design as the ordinary type—the most productive source of blunders to several writers. He as shrewdly avoids "freak-pieces." He adds the help of tables of dates and historic events, without which it were futile to get a proper grip of the subject. He illustrates every stage with large photographic reproductions taken by himself and cleared of all baffling outside detail, so that no false impressions are left, and he adds drawings of rooms typical of the different periods. The one serious flaw in the book is that the illustrations are scattered over the pages instead of being always at the top of the page and set above the literary matter that describes them. But as a work for the study of old English furniture from the Walnut age onwards, too modestly labelled "English Furniture of the Eighteenth Century" (Routledge), I know no volumes that can approach it as an authority whereon to found one's research and knowledge. The mastering of the subject is made a simple, straightforward affair thereby, which is a tribute that can be paid to no other volume ever written upon the subject. It is free from superficial matter; and being packed brimful of knowledge, it is impossible that it can be superseded as the prime authority on the subject for many a long year to come. The research of these volumes is prodigious. The new matter, as for instance the discoveries about mahogany, alone must represent the labour of years and the delving into records that make one gasp at the very thought of it. When I realise that scarce an essay of my own, scattered as they are through dozens of magazines, has escaped the author's scrutiny, keen judgment, and careful consideration, I am astonished. I found the eighteenth-century bills of lading of the "new styles" for the Colonies too appalling to tackle except in superficial fashion, aided by American writers upon Colonial furniture; but Cescinsky seems absolutely to have revelled in the dust of the centuries! To challenge such research requires equal research. And I write as a defeated rival, recognising the better man.

But the main point is that at last we have an ordered, simplified survey of English furniture such as no man whose concern is with antique furnishings can possibly do without. And if some member of each old county family have the common sense to master these volumes, it will not only prevent old furniture of large value being scattered abroad for the vast enrichment of the dealers and the loss to the treasury of the house, but it will enable many a lady in country places to use a profitable eye at local auctions where golden chances are still lost for a few shillings.

## REVIEWS

## THE BETRAYAL

*The Betrayal.* By LORD CHARLES BERESFORD. (P. S. King and Son. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE disputes which have arisen among various schools of naval thought during the last ten years are not easily understood by the lay mind; the man in the street has heard more or less precise rumours of quarrels between distinguished Admirals; of grave differences of opinion between Admirals and the Board of Admiralty; of serious slackness and of very great divergences of opinion on shipbuilding and naval strategy. But how far they were to be believed and how far they might be regarded merely as extravagances of the Press or the imaginings of malevolent persons who love to stir up muddy waters on all occasions it was difficult for him to judge. Therefore Lord Charles Beresford's little book, "The Betrayal," comes at a peculiarly opportune season. It is quite short, only taking about one hour to peruse; but it is written so that the most uninitiated in naval questions may understand, and it contains the whole genesis and history of the naval controversies of the past decade. It is written in no high party spirit; the views of both sides are given a fair hearing, and Lord Charles only asks to be judged by results. It will be remembered that this book was to have been published some months ago, just at the time when Mr. Churchill was transferred from the Home Office to the Admiralty and Mr. McKenna given the former position. Suddenly it was announced that the publication was postponed, and no reasons were given for the postponement, but they were generally conjectured to have some connection with Mr. Churchill's advent to the Admiralty. This is probably the case, because Lord Charles Beresford admits in his final review of the naval situation at the present day and in the immediate future that many of the changes and reforms that he has been advocating so long are in a fair way towards being carried into effect by the new General Naval Staff which has recently been constituted.

No reasonable man can doubt for a moment after reading this book that Mr. McKenna's administration of the Admiralty was an utter failure, and that he himself was totally unfitted for a position of such serious responsibility. He introduced and fostered a partisan spirit in the Navy which had never previously been known. He stirred up the Admirals against one another, and authorised secret reports which made one officer suspect his neighbour as a likely spy on his movements. If officers disapproved of some of his methods and ventured to protest, their careers were brought summarily to an end; he allowed the gravest insubordination, and when the delinquents were pointed out to him he made no effort to punish them and to support those who were responsible for the control of the Fleets. At the same time he lent himself to a policy of "scrapping" small unprotected cruisers and providing others with nucleus crews which seriously impaired the efficiency of the Fleet and left our great trade routes almost entirely unprotected against attack. The gravamen of Lord Charles Beresford's charges against this administration lie under the following heads—(1) The scrapping of numerous vessels without providing others to take their place; (2) The introduction of nucleus crews and consequent insufficiency of the *personnel* of the Navy; (3) Introduction of a system of espionage subversive of discipline; (4) Inadequate supply of small cruisers and torpedo-boat destroyers; (5) Failure to provide dock accommodation on the East Coast; (6) No Headquarters Staff to draw up plan of campaigns and to provide co-ordina-

tion between all departments of the Admiralty; (7) Deliberate misrepresentation of what our Navy would have to provide against in time of war; (8) Acceptance of the conditions of the Treaty of London. Each one of these charges he has proved up to the hilt. However, under Mr. Winston Churchill a more hopeful spirit seems to prevail at the Admiralty, and already some of these evils are in a fair way towards being remedied.

All the troubles and disputes seem to have arisen with the building of the first *Dreadnought*, which not only divided the Navy into opposing factions, but enabled every nation to start in a race with us for naval supremacy on almost level terms. Even now there are many who are opposed to the building of these giant vessels and who would return to smaller ships heavily armoured carrying less guns. Certainly the recent experiences with the *Orion* and the *Lion* seem to prove that the limits of safety have been passed, for no matter how many guns a ship may carry she is useless if she cannot use them in a rough sea on account of the tremendous rolling, which may also expose her unarmoured portions to the enemy's fire. This was the lesson of Tsuchima, where Rojensvenski's squadron was sunk by the Japanese hitting the unarmoured portion of the sides as they rolled in the trough of the waves. Every one who has the interests of his country at heart should read Lord Charles Beresford's book. We hope, however, that we have heard the last of these bitter antagonisms, and that the old healthy spirit of mutual confidence and support will once more prevail.

## A BOOK-LOVER'S BY-WAY

*Cameo Book-Stamps: Figured and Described.* By CYRIL DAVENPORT. (Edward Arnold. 2ls. net.)

THERE is a love of books that keeps a man's nose glued to the open page, it may be too literally by the fireside, where the heat will warp the covers all unheeded; or it may be even at the bachelor supper-table, where grease and crumb doth corrupt. Such a man is bent only on his intellectual nectar, which having extracted, he cares no more for the ravished flower. But there is a book-love of another order that keeps a man hovering ecstatically about the close treasure of his shelves, only pausing now and then to take down a volume, and with surreptitious hand and eye devour its concrete, material satisfaction: as of the solidity of the boards, the smoothness of the calf, the cunning elaboration of the gold tooling, or the coquetry of the crinkled, uncut edges. And to bibliophiles of this kidney the teeming world of books invites exploration by many alluring byways. Wherever an appeal is made to their book-love through the evidence of a kindred love, lavishly expended in adorning the talisman Liber, whether in binding or print or bookplate, you may be sure of the response.

Not every collector, we imagine, will stay to profess himself animated by such moral considerations as old Thomas Hollis, who avowed the *rationale* of his passion as "for the purpose of illustrating and upholding liberty, preserving the memory of its champions, to render tyranny and its abettors odious, to extend science and art, to keep alive the honour and estimation of their patrons and protectors, and to make the whole as useful as possible; abhorring all monopoly [O righteous man!]; and if it should be the fitness of things to propagate the same benevolent spirit to posterity." In all which let us hope he was justified; but with most men the passion is sufficient apology.

Mr. Cyril Davenport, however, finding an outlet for his



book-love in the collection of cameo book-stamps, has, by the pains he has taken, justified his artistic apologia:—

I quite believe that all these stamps will in time to come be highly esteemed, not only as having an art and an antiquarian value of their own, but also as forming a hitherto unrecognised and important development of the art of the die-sinker. They vary considerably in excellence, but some of them will at once take place as fine designs of their kind.

Indeed, while a few have a good deal of the almost ludicrous crudity of minor mediæval art—a small German example of "Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane," with the three disciples sleeping under amazing difficulties, is almost post-Impressionist in its abandon of line and detail—while there are a few such, the large proportion of designs are remarkably true and inventive.

These cameo stamps on leather were "produced by means of pressure from sunk dies of wood or metal, the design showing in low relief." The subjects range from Biblical incidents to contemporary portraits, and from the classical to the heraldic. One wonders how they originally came into use. Their subjects seem to have been chosen in many instances appropriately to the character of the book thus enriched; but this is not invariably the case—e.g., a profile portrait of Queen Elizabeth adorns a "Novum Testamentum Græce" of 1583, and a representation of St. Bernard, supported by various canonical and uncanonical figures, decorates an "Ovidius Naso Opera" of 1528. Perhaps a design may have been adopted in some cases by the owner, being used as a mark of identification somewhat after the style of a bookplate, or a binder may have used certain distinctive designs to mark the work that passed through his hands.

Mr. Davenport must be one of the true order of bibliophiles, for this work can only be regarded as a labour of love. There are a hundred and fifty-one designs, each copied in line from the original stamp by Mr. Davenport's own hand. The industry that has gone to the production of this handsome volume must have been considerable, and we suppose the compiler cannot hope for more than a very select circulation. Under each design is a brief description, with elucidations of the subject where necessary. In an interesting introductory note we are initiated into the *modus operandi* of the book-stamper. Great care appears to have been taken in some instances to insure a clean impression of the die, the wooden board being hollowed out and filled with gesso where it was to receive the impress. There are even examples which are entirely cut or sunk in a hollow, so that the friction of one book against another on the shelf should not wear away the sharpness of the relief.

We congratulate Mr. Davenport on a most interesting volume, and hope its sale will exceed all his expectations.

## THE POLITE RACONTEUR

*Nuts and Chestnuts.* By the HON. LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.  
(Edward Arnold. 2s. 6d. net.)

SOME there be who prefer a cosy corner in the firelight and the habit *négligé* as setting and circumstance for the rôle of story-teller. Others, alas! as most of us know, have no decent sense of time or place at all, but in season and out of season will run opportunity to earth; these be they whose ducks are always swans, and all their nuts are chestnuts. No one would accuse Mr. Tollemache of belonging to either category. *Négligé*, we should imagine, his lips are locked; and before he would purvey his choice tit-bits along street and hedgerow, as on a coster's barrow, for all the vulgar to

snatch at—or flee from—he would descend to asking riddles. No, when Mr. Tollemache is in his select anecdotalage you must picture him in evening dress—and his tie immaculately straight; it may be with a very genteel nut clasped expectantly in the crackers and a very small glass of the very choicest wine at his side. If possible, his chair should be at the head of the table, or at least central at one side, so that he can command his audience at ease and shame any incipient inattention with a glance. Or, if even the after-dinner table be too much for your susceptibilities and his charming detachment, group your audience tastefully about the drawing-room, and let Mr. Tollemache have the primmest and most *ex cathedra* of easy chairs—and then, whether you want to or not, you will listen, and whether you expect it or not you will enjoy yourself. Yes, even when—and this is not really often—it has passed the age of a nut and woos cachinnation frankly, though delicately, as a chestnut.

You will enjoy it because you will enjoy Mr. Tollemache. The wine is never impossible, but the glass is always rare. It would be worth while listening to much more dubiously *bons mots* to catch the quiet gleam of satisfaction—not smack of the lips, perish the thought!—in Mr. Tollemache's eye, and the dawning signal smile as he rounds off one of his morsels with a neat phrase, or deprecatingly drops a little aphorism, or epigram, or apposite quotation (classical for preference) *en passant*. In fact, if it did not seem a little irreverent, we could almost recommend Mr. Tollemache as the best nut—might we say the Brazil nut?—of the whole appetising dessert. But the other nuts are distinctly of good flavour, almost always touched with that salt of interest which association with some well-known personality lends. There are excellent anecdotes of Goldwin Smith, of Lecky, and of Francis Newman, and thirty-five pages of Sir Francis Galton, whom we should scarcely have thought capable of them. As to what they really are like—well, the reader will surely have perused Mr. Tollemache's "Old and Odd Memories;" if not the author will certainly be surprised. But we will just give one story, which relates how—stay, Mr. Tollemache must tell it himself:—

Of Galton it might be said, as of Enoch Arden, that almost to all things could he turn his hand. It is a signal proof of his versatility that he was consulted by the inventor of the "long-drop" in executions. He gave what aid he could; but he, of course, felt that such humane expedients lessen the deterrent effect of capital punishment. With something between a smile and a sigh he exclaimed, "The worst criminals have the most painless deaths!" As was said of the clemency of the guillotine, *Ça vous fait sauter la tête et vous ne sentez rien*.

You have it? Dear Galton!

There is a delicious story of Tennyson; but for this the reader must really buy the whole dish. The little volume concludes with a clever Baconian essay "Of Cynicism" and an amusing sample of Japanese English. We had almost forgotten the Appendix, which gives a list of "Passages to be Illustrated from 'Old and Odd Memories'"—if you don't happen to have read them. We sincerely hope you have, but if otherwise we do not doubt you will want to after digesting these "Nuts."

## AN ADVENTURESS

*Sophie Dawes, Queen of Chantilly.* By VIOLETTE MONTAGU.  
Illustrated. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

MISS VIOLETTE MONTAGU has dealt with a character and a period in French history of no particular interest to the English reader. Sophie Dawes was an adventuress. There

are many women of this type, such as Nell Gwyn and Elizabeth Chudleigh, who, notwithstanding their abnormal ambition, have certain good qualities that compel us to forgive and forget a multitude of shortcomings. There was something lovable about Nell Gwyn, something almost uniquely strong about Elizabeth Chudleigh that stamped her as a forcible personality. Sophie Dawes, like Nell Gwyn, sold oranges, and, like Elizabeth Chudleigh, she had a famous lawsuit; but there our comparisons come to an end, and we are forced to admit that Sophie Dawes was an adventuress without a single good quality to command an even half-hearted regard. She was, in short, an objectionable woman, labouring all through her life to obtain wealth, and had a coarse kind of beauty that fittingly coincided with her gross methods of worldly advancement.

Sophie Dawes was born at St. Helens, in the Isle of Wight. She was the daughter of a fisherman and smuggler, and as a child employed her time in picking up winkles on the shore. Owing to the intemperance of her father the family was forced to seek shelter in the Newport House of Industry. Sophie did not remain here long, but took up a position in the home of a neighbouring farmer. We next hear of her in London as a milliner's assistant, and during this period of her life she fell in love with a water-carrier. For this affair she was dismissed by her employer, and found herself reduced to the humble occupation of selling oranges at Covent Garden Theatre, an occupation, however, soon exchanged for that of an actress.

We are told that Sophie "was tall and squarely built, with legs and arms which might have served as models for a statue of Hercules. Her muscular force was extraordinary. Her lips were rather thin, and she had an ugly habit of contracting them when she was angry." We should have thought that such a description was scarcely in her favour. She was capable, however, of a kind of animal attraction, which accounts for her *liaison* with a certain rich officer, who, growing tired of her, abandoned her with an annuity of £50 a year. Sophie, however, had reached the first rung on her ladder of social success. Temporarily reduced in circumstances, she became a servant in a house of ill-fame in Piccadilly. It was here that she came in contact with the Duc de Bourbon, the last of the Condés. Sophie had by this time probably learnt through former experience how to make her new patron a permanent lover, and in this matter she certainly succeeded with diabolical ingenuity. The Duc de Bourbon gave Sophie a thoroughly good education, to say nothing of a house he presented to her mother. When the Duke returned to France Sophie wrote him many letters, calling him her "dearest friend," and assuring him that life without her lover was impossible. As the Duc de Bourbon apparently made no reply to these very mercenary overtures, Sophie went to Paris, and after waiting eighteen months she once more secured the Duke's affections, and returned to her former position. By a very questionable arrangement Sophie married M. de Feuchères, and carried on her *liaison* with the Duc de Bourbon, who posed as her father. Fortunately, M. de Feuchères at last discovered the treachery of his wife and severed the union, but not before he had administered a severe thrashing.

On the death of the Duchesse de Bourbon we find Sophie reigning supreme as Queen of Chantilly. She had two missions in life at this juncture: one was to regain admission to the Court, and the other to win the wealth of the last of the Condés. Sophie achieved both these objects of her desire with a wanton disregard of all principle. Much space is given to the horribly dramatic incident in this book—namely, the murder or suicide of the Duc de Bourbon. We are given elaborate plans of this poor victim's bedroom, and sufficient material for a Royal detective story. Even if Sophie Dawes was not directly responsible for the death of

her patron, for the purpose of obtaining his wealth, she was certainly guilty indirectly. Fate hovers over these unsavoury pages with a just hand. Sophie had been the means, directly or indirectly, of causing her lover's death by strangulation, and it was death by strangulation that was meted out to this crude adventuress during her retirement in London.

Miss Montagu has done her work well, but she has dealt with a detestable creature. In her Introduction she expresses the hope that her book may be the means of discovering the burial-place of Sophie Dawes. The last resting-place of such a woman is of no consequence, and Mr. Algernon Ashton is not likely to enlighten us on the subject. It would have been better for Sophie Dawes if she had married the water-carrier, or failing that to have spent her days in picking up winkles on the Isle of Wight.

## SIGHTS IN INDIA

*Things Seen in Northern India.* By T. L. PENNELL, M.D., B.Sc. Illustrated. (Seeley and Co. 2s. net.)

DR. PENNELL is understood to be a medical missionary on the Indo-Afghan frontier, but is not unknown in London, where he has delivered addresses on the frontier tribes and subjects within his special experience. Apart from his professional and scientific attainments and his enthusiasm, which have, it is believed, won for him a very considerable influence with the natives and neighbours at the stations where he has lived and exercised his calling, this book shows him to be a keen and thorough observer, and at the same time a skilful writer. In a short work of small size he has contrived to draw attention to a large number of objects which are best worth while for a sightseer to visit in Northern India, while he has also introduced an accurate and interesting description of rural life in India and some account of the dominant religions, which are not commonly to be found in books of this character.

These features of the country Dr. Pennell has learnt, at first-hand, on the spot, the only real way of acquiring a thorough knowledge of India and its inhabitants, their life and ways of thought. He has often driven fifty miles at a stretch comfortably, and even slept fairly, in an *ekka*, a two-wheeled bamboo cart, which carries one passenger only, and he looks back to his journeys of eighty or one hundred miles in *tongas*: he has, moreover, enjoyed the hospitality of village headmen in their rural abodes. His illustrations of village life are as good as his description. He has learnt, and states the truth forcibly, that "religion permeates the minutest details of the life of both Muhammadan and Hindu," and, again, "it is one of the anomalies of India that her people love their religion with a passionate love, though the two greatest of those religions are at opposite poles in thought, in practice, and in character."

The author mentions nine religions in Upper India—namely, Brahmanical Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, Sikhism, the Arya Somaj and Brahmo Somaj, indigenous; Christianity, Islam, and Zoroastrianism from outside. His brief notice of the Arya Somaj is clear and to the point, though he ignores its political tendencies. Not unnaturally he suggests that tourists would do well to visit Christian Missions at the towns, where they can learn much from the well-informed missionaries. Naturally, too, he dwells on the Afghans, who ruled India for five hundred years from the eleventh to the sixteenth century; and on the ease with which the Afghans—whose itinerant merchants now terrorise Indian villagers—could reconquer India, "if the restraining hand of British rule were removed." His warning that visitors should



always aim at avoiding offending the susceptibilities of the people is sound—hardly necessary, it may be hoped.

There are a few small errors to be noticed. The "warlike and wily Sivaji" was not General of the Mahrattas in the eighteenth century, as he died in 1680, aged fifty-three. The ruined cities of Delhi are usually numbered at seven; Dr. Pennell says fourteen, without any explanation. The "diving" into tanks at Delhi is a misdescription, as the jumpers take "footers," not "headers." In the account of the Gwalior fortress its rendition to Scindia in 1886 should have been mentioned. The author speaks up for the police officials, "a much maligned class;" and he alludes to the sedition-mongers, who told the villagers "that the plague had been sent by Government to thin the population." The fifty illustrations have been admirably selected and executed: they are all of picturesque scenes, many of them quite uncommon. This small illustrated volume will be more useful and give a better idea of India than many more ambitious works. Dr. Pennell should be encouraged to publish more fully any special knowledge he may acquire.

### AN OCTOGENARIAN'S MEMORIES

*Mrs. Story's Early Reminiscences.* By J. L. STORY. (Maclehose and Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

MRS. STORY tells us in her first chapter that she has tried to recall, at the age of eighty-three, some of the more marked, though still trivial, incidents that have occurred in her long life, and the result is a cause for congratulation to herself and to those friends who induced her to do so. Hers was a singularly unclouded life, and the incidents are such as might have occurred to any cultured and attractive girl living in Edinburgh in the middle of the nineteenth century, the period covered by the book; but, as she says—perhaps unconsciously echoing Madame de Staël—"even in the most uneventful life there are occurrences which, if simply and faithfully portrayed, would be found to have a human interest far exceeding that of the thrilling and sensational incidents which fill the penny dreadfuls."

It has been Mrs. Story's aim simply and faithfully to portray these occurrences, and in spite of the inevitable anecdotes which have little interest except for those immediately concerned, and others which need the spoken word and the personality of the *raconteur* to make them effective, she has succeeded well.

The daughter of Captain Maughan, a retired officer of the Honourable East India Company's Naval Service who settled in Edinburgh on a comfortable pension, she passed her youth among the gay military surroundings of the Scottish capital. An accomplished singer (she knew some seven hundred songs, words and music, in almost every European language), it is not surprising that she was the centre of attraction for a crowd of red coats and blue.

One wonders what the War Office of to-day would have said to the gallant Colonel of the Scots Greys who called on her one fine afternoon with his whole regiment, and while his men dismounted and picketed their horses in the quiet street, formed the band up in front of her house to serenade her! Fortunately those were not the days of illustrated newspapers and unwelcome publicity, but the memoir-writers of sixty years hence will scarcely have such picturesque incidents to record. Mrs. Story would have been well advised to have omitted, as a youthful indiscretion, her verses to the Channel Squadron, "which were much talked of at the time, and appeared in the *Scotsman*." The editor of that paper must have been in a peculiarly complaisant mood when he passed verses containing such lines as "The wounds mutually inflicted are not quite past healing!"

Not all the anecdotes deal with the Services. There is the story of the old lady whose one weakness in life was "the full and sufficient airing of bed-linen." On her death-bed she personally superintended the airing of two sheets: "I never have lain in damp bedclothes while I was alive," she said, "and I am not going to do it when I am dead."

Mrs. Story has an almost inexhaustible store of anecdotes, many of which cast interesting sidelights on Scottish life. Even in 1854 it was not always safe to walk across St. Andrews links on account of the risk from golf-balls, and we imagine it will come as a surprise to most readers to learn that only a few years earlier there was a Sanctuary belonging to Holyrood Palace "where, so long as a malefactor of any sort remained in refuge, he was safe from the clutches of the law."

Mrs. Story's reminiscences come to an end in 1865, on her marriage to Dr. Story, afterwards the celebrated Principal of Glasgow University. In spite of her advanced age, she hopes to finish the record of her life, and the host of new friends she will have made by this book will join with her old ones in eagerly looking forward to the second instalment. May we venture to hope that she will beware of the "eloquent circumlocutions" which abound so freely in the present volume? "Turfy expanse," for grass, and "an emblem of the law in the shape of a policeman" are all very well in an Early Victorian diary, but seem out of place in the cold print of to-day; and surely it is unnecessary to tell us, when writing of Queen Victoria in the 'forties, that she was "then a very young woman, greatly beloved by her subjects," or to insist on the fact that the Duchess of Sutherland was also Countess of Cromartie in her own right. Many well-known names flit across her pages, but her acquaintances of later years should provide still more excellent material for another volume as entertaining as this.

### MELODIES IN THE MAKING

*Musical Composition.* By SIR CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d.)

It is now, we hope, an accepted proposition that musicians are the better for being men of good general cultivation. No one has ever contended, so far as we know, that a knowledge of Greek or the art of sculpture will make an uninspired musician into a Mozart, but it has long been held by the liberal-minded, in face of not a little opposition from a certain party in the musical world, that the widening and refining influences of some acquaintance with letters and the sister arts must have a beneficial effect upon the taste of any musician. It is well known by students of musical history that in eighteenth-century Germany every professional musician was a man of good, probably of University, education; there was no question then of an illiterate person becoming a Kapellmeister or Cantor. But in Great Britain, during the greater part of the nineteenth century, it was not considered that there was any necessary connection between music and general cultivation. The present writer well remembers the outcry that used to be raised against the maintenance of even the modest requirements of the University of Oxford in the case of candidates for a degree in music. This state of things exists no longer. If you meet a musician you may be tolerably safe in assuming that he will be able to discuss with interest and intelligence many other subjects besides that one on which he depends for his daily bread. Much of this, in our own country, is due to the enlightened policy of the directors of our great schools of music, to the presence there of such men as Macfarren, Grove, Hubert Parry, and Stanford.

In the short treatise on musical composition which Sir

Charles Stanford has lately published the reader is struck on every page by some evidence that the author is a man of letters, of taste, of accomplishment, which must have brought him to the front in whatever profession he might have embraced. As we turn over these lucid, delightfully written pages, we look back with infinite regret to the days when we ventured upon musical study under teachers of a very different class to Sir Charles Stanford! It seems that, with such a teacher, it must be impossible not to learn, and learn pleasantly, the *technique* of composition; nay, that even those of his scholars who may never hope to produce original work may at least be certain of writing down their thoughts with taste and elegance, if they do but follow the advice of their master.

The book is intended for students, but we have no hesitation in saying that numbers of music-lovers who have no intention of dabbling in composition would find it exceedingly interesting and a very valuable help to their power of appreciating music. Such readers need not set to work, as would-be composers must, to study modal counterpoint, unless they like it. But if they will give their minds to what Sir Charles has to tell them about Rhythm Colour, the Treatment of Melodies, and Form, they will be surprised to find how agreeably they have passed their time, and with what addition of pleasure they attend their next Symphony Concert at Queen's Hall. We would not wish to encourage that vast army of amateur song-composers which nowadays invades every one's peace, but as there seems to be no hope of driving it back, we may at any rate beg its camp-followers and others to read Sir Charles' chapter on the "Treatment of Voices," and certainly that on "Danger Signals." We can hardly praise this genially written book too highly, or recommend it too warmly. It is not only the treatise on a technical subject of a first-rate scholar; it is a masterpiece of shrewd observation and of common sense.

## JUSTICE AND MORALITY

*Anomalies of the English Law.* By SAMUEL BEACH CHESTER.  
(Stanley Paul and Co. 5s. net.)

WHILST agreeing with many of the views here expressed, we cannot but take exception to the manner in which they are expounded. Furthermore, having regard to the fact announced upon the title-page that the author is a member of the English Bar, we think it proper to draw attention to certain passages which, according to our view, are, to say the least of it, undesirable.

With regard to our first objection, we fail to discern the relevancy of inserting by way of introduction a lengthy quotation from Charles Lever satirising barristers. Barristers, like the rest of mankind, are open to satire, and receive their fair share thereof, but no indication is given to us in this introduction whether the author adopts the views suggested by Charles Lever or not. If yea, we are inclined to believe that a goodly number of the "learned Thebans" who practise in the Admiralty Court would be righteously aggrieved at the suggestion that they would be "sick in a ferry-boat," even were such a suggestion in any way relevant to their capacity as advocates in nautical cases.

A section dealing with "Accession Declarations," and incidentally referring the reader to a wrong appendix, is similarly introduced without any apparent rhyme or reason, and without affording any clue as to the author's views upon the subject.

As to the appendices, which occupy no less than sixty pages of this short book, we regard the insertion of Acts of Parliament *in toto*, and without in any way elucidating the questions under discussion as most inexpedient and cumbersome.

Furthermore, there is in the text a mass of loosely strung quotations and extracts from Bills and other documents altogether out of proportion to the space devoted to serious exposition of the author's views. The disproportion is the more glaring since the facts and documents so dealt with are within the knowledge of everybody likely to peruse this book.

In the chapter upon "Libel and Slander" we are not told, and it is certainly not self-evident, what precisely are alleged to be the anomalies in this branch of the law. From the statement at the end of that chapter to the effect that what is there suggested as an anomaly is nevertheless "a most proper one," we are almost tempted to conclude that the learned author has not fully realised the signification of the word. A more momentous conclusion, to which the examples cited throughout the work and the general tone thereof inevitably compel us, is that the learned author has, however unwittingly, introduced themes such as the case of the King against Mylius, which have no bearing whatsoever upon the topics under discussion and had far better been omitted, for the mere sake of adding an attractive savour to serious themes which were otherwise lacking therein.

The learned author need have had no apprehensions upon the subject. A book dealing with such subjects as Divorce, Literary Censorship, Public Morality, and kindred topics is, alas! only too certain to find an appreciative audience.

If the author's real and sole object in publishing, with obvious haste, this series of articles was and is to further the cause of justice and morality, we can but commend his zeal and deplore his methods. As a concluding comment we desire to protest most strongly against the imputations which are here made upon the integrity of solicitors and against the insertion of the names of living and practising counsel. Knowledge of the strict yet wise etiquette of the English legal profession should have rendered such comment unnecessary.

## SHORTER REVIEWS

*The Gardener and the Cook.* By LUCY H. YATES. Illustrated.  
(Constable and Co. 3s. 6d.)

GOSSIPING pleasantly about her gardener and her cook, and he whom she, being no Suffragette, delights to term her Better Half, the fair author of this entertaining little book imparts to her readers a bounteous store of valuable botanical and culinary lore which cannot fail to be welcome to all who take an interest in the economy of the kitchen. Charlotte, the cook, is a Frenchwoman transported from the sunny South to an old house in rural Sussex with a well-situated kitchen-garden, indeed an ideal one—

A little garden walled around,  
Chosen and made peculiar ground.

Here were grown, in the open air or under glass, all those herbs, vegetables, and fruits which a good French cook knows so well how to turn to profitable account at little expense, with the best results for one's health and the gratification of the palate. But first of all the prejudices, the old-fashioned notions of Charles Mann, the somewhat stolid native gardener, promptly dubbed Charlemagne by *la cuisinière*, had to be overcome. This was in time accomplished, and he eventually became inspired with quite an enthusiasm for intensive cultivation.

The author is justifiably proud of her kitchen-garden:—

Now that we have brought it to the point where it yields  
for us not only a never-failing supply of roots and *légumes*,



but also a continuance of the rarer dainties, we have good reason to triumph. It has all been a matter of management, of careful rotation of crops, of frequent sowings, and prompt clearings, helped by the use of movable frames and a little forcing.

Charlotte performs wonders with her crocks and pans and casseroles, turning out the most appetising *ragoûts*, *purées*, *entrées*, and many another delectable culinary concoction. *C'est à s'en lécher les doigts* merely to read of them. The petals of marigolds she requisitions for the soup, nasturtiums, flower and leaf, for her salads, and the blind flowers of the marrows for an *entrée*. In her hands the whole onion tribe become "kitchen lilies," and in addition to marvellous salads, both fruit, floral, and vegetable, she makes delicious fruit-soups in the form of *purées*; and even the buckwheat, the *sarrasin* or *blé noir* of the Bretons, which we usually associate only with the poultry-yard, she turns into luscious smoking hot cakes for breakfast on a cold winter's morning. Some dainty vignette illustrations are scattered over the pages of the volume, which is delightful and instructive reading.

*Können wir noch Christen Sein?* By RUDOLF EUCKEN.  
(Veit and Comp, Leipzig. 3m.60.)

DR. EUCKEN, of Jena, whose writings on the development of modern thought are widely read not in Germany alone, has accomplished the task which he owns to having contemplated for many years. He has given an answer to the great question contained in the title of the present, his latest, work. The answer he gives is a most categorical "Yes"—"Unsere Antwort ist, dass wir es nicht nur können, sondern sein müssen." When we come to the "How?" and the "Why?" we find that the task of endorsing Dr. Eucken's reply, easy as regards the main thesis for the majority at least of English-speaking readers, has become one of great difficulty. Dr. Eucken is not the man to regret the existence of this difficulty. He is frankly and vigorously combative, and his work bears the stamp of a strong individuality. At first sight this would seem to be a defect in a would-be reorganiser of the Christian World, but, with certain reservations, we think his way is the right way. Attack is surer strategy than defence, and to drift is to court shipwreck. Materialism has held the field long enough, and the issue of its *reductio per absurdum* is by this time clear enough. It is for religion to begin its counter-attack. In these two propositions—"How long halt ye between two opinions?" and "Man shall not live by bread alone"—the answer to the great inquiry is to be sought. Merely waiting for the fire from Heaven ends in nothing but the sapping of the spiritual life and the reign of materialism and "Daseinskultur." That such a consummation should be hailed as inevitable, if not desirable, is one of the saddest features of modern French literature.

We have hinted that it is difficult to follow Dr. Eucken in some of his conclusions. His method and his solutions are too individualistic to unite mankind in one immediate movement; but there is in his work so much earnestness, so much insistence on the primary and the eternal, so much genuine faith, that we think it is permitted to Christians to apply to him the sublime maxim: "He that is not against us is for us." For Dr. Eucken does not belong to any recognised religious body—a condition that justifies a certain mistrust. But he believes, in an implicit form at any rate, in the Communion of Saints. He believes that "the Kingdom of God is within you," and he considers that religion, more particularly Christianity, preconditions Communion. Religion, further, is something superior to the world, and so compromises and adaptations

are valueless. But human life is for ever changing, so religion, its motive power, must also develop. Dr. Eucken examines the Roman Catholic Church and Continental Protestantism to see if they contain the potential germs of a religious revival; he concludes rather summarily against all existing religious bodies; he considers that they have either too little elasticity or that they have, on the other hand, truckled too much to the modern irreligion. This seems to us to take too little account of the ancient storehouses of faith. We will conclude by recommending the perusal of an extremely sincere, thoughtful, and suggestive book. Dr. Eucken thinks it necessary to apologise for the length of his introductory remarks—of a general historical and philosophical import. We think that it is just this that makes the strength of the book; it allows us to go a long way with the author before disagreeing with him.

*Michael Angelo Buonarroti.* By SIR CHARLES HOLROYD.  
Illustrated. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

*The Painters of the School of Ferrara.* By EDMUND G. GARDNER. Illustrated. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

SIR CHARLES HOLROYD has devoted the first part of his "Michael Angelo Buonarroti" to a complete translation of Condivi's memoir of his revered master, for, as Sir Charles writes, "The faithful and reverent character of the whole work can only be given in a complete translation, its transparent honesty and its loving devotion." Condivi's account "has almost the authority of an autobiography." It is written in a simple, unaffected style; tender, intimate, always reverential, in which the greatness of the artist and sculptor goes hand in hand with the greatness of the man himself. Out of Michael Angelo's religion sprang his art; that was the motive power of all he did. His infinite toil on the vault of the Sistine Chapel, and his rapid work on those innumerable figures, are things to marvel at and never to understand. He was a mighty genius through which the divine fire worked unceasingly. Night and day alike saw him laying on the magic of his colours, or carving out of cold and barren marble immortal figures. He never seems to have rested; profound slumber was unknown to him. He was driven forward by the whirlwind of genius, never satisfied with his work as Whistler was, because his conceptions were always greater than his actual creations. And yet how unspeakably great they are! His "David," his "Dawn" and "Night"—has marble ever taken more lovely shape?

The second part of this volume covers the same period, and may be regarded as an appendix. "It is," Sir Charles writes, "a supplementary account of the existing works of the master, and details of their fashioning that may help us to realise the mystery of their production from contemporary documents—letters, contracts, and the life of Vasari." The Appendix contains a translation of the three dialogues on painting by Francisco d'Olanda. The volume contains numerous excellent illustrations, and the only fault we have to find is with the printers, who have inserted many letters upside-down.

Mr. Edmund G. Gardner, in "The Painters of the School of Ferrara," has written a valuable and interesting account of the famous school of painting that existed in about the middle of the fifteenth century. Though it originated in Ferrara, Mr. Gardner informs us that its influence extended to the other cities over which the House of Este held sway; and finally "spread over all Emilia and Romagna, produced Coreggio in Parma, and even shared in the making of

Raphael at Urbino." Coreggio is not included in the present book because his life and work have been fully dealt with in another volume of this excellent series. Cosimo Tura, Lorenzo Costa, Francesco Raibolini, and several other painters of this school are fully discussed. Lovers of Italian art will find much to linger over in these pages. They will find the illustrations well produced, and the list of the important works of the painters of the school of Ferrara and Bologna extremely useful.

*The Actor's Companion.* By CECIL F. ARMSTRONG. (Mills and Boon. 2s. 6d. net.)

MUCH of the advice to young and ambitious actors given in this book is rather obvious, but we must of course remember that it is the obvious which is often missed. The author puts the results of wide experience and observation at the disposal of "the profession," and his book should prove of considerable use to the inexperienced. Best of all, perhaps, is his caution with regard to the playing of small and insignificant parts—"thinking" parts. "To play a walk-on part properly," he says, "should entail at the least a very careful study of the whole scene, if not the whole play;" how seldom is this done! "Above all," he continues, "get out of the habit of reckoning the size and importance of a part from the number of lines spoken. As well might you reckon the stature of a man in feet and inches." We may remind Mr. Armstrong that we do not usually estimate the stature of a man in yards or furlongs—his analogy is rather unfortunate; but his point is good. We do not invariably agree with him in his sweeping generalisations. "Do not be for ever criticising your elders," he writes, "they may be wrong—they generally are." As a matter of fact, they are generally right; but in so far as the statement means that the habit of grumbling and fault-finding should be restrained, it is useful. But he should not talk about "the repertoire of this marvellous writer" when he refers to Shakespeare. In the chapter on "Scientific Voice Production," by Mr. Frederick James, we may make the comment that only the trained ear can detect the harmonics when the lower C is struck on a pianoforte; not many people can hear the "seconds, fifths, octaves, and so on, right up the keyboard." On the whole, however, this little book has many good aspects, and the introduction by Mr. Arthur Bouchier, with a chapter on the Actors' Association by Mr. Clarence Derwent, add to its value.

*All Hail! Simple Teachings on the Bible.* By BARONESS FREDA DE KNOOP. (A. L. Humphreys. 21s. net.)

THIS is a large and sumptuous book (500 pages, quarto), finely designed, and beautifully printed in red and black, the actual Biblical text in red throughout. There are upwards of a hundred full-page illustrations, chiefly from old Italian masters, brilliantly executed in colour. A sort of running commentary is given on all the books of the Bible. Much of it is very well done, but it is far from being what we should describe as "simple teachings." For example, what idea would be conveyed to a child's mind by saying that "the story of the Fall is remarkable not only for its revelation of God, but for its insight into the psychology of man," or that the "allegorical meanings of the Song of Songs are quite legitimate as secondary interpretations;" or "the paraphrase of the Targum;" or of the Revelation, that it is "St. John's picture of the ideal redeemed society which is to regenerate all the nations of the earth. Redemption of the individual has long been an accepted fact, but the redemption of the larger organism—the community—is

necessarily slower in coming." We might as well talk Chinese to children, as read them passages of this kind. The fact is that this book is too ambitious in the desire to be comprehensive. Besides, its style, size, and price place it far beyond the reach of schools and ordinary teachers, for whom there are plenty of books of really "simple teachings," which do not attempt to cope with "higher criticism." At the same time, we gladly add that this work, so carefully and enthusiastically carried out, has a value of its own. It may find its way into many a rich home, where the Bible is in danger of being neglected, and, if really studied by parent or governess, form a sound basis for many good and useful lessons. It is certainly a beautiful book, and an interesting introduction to Biblical literature.

*The South Devon and Dorset Coast.* By SIDNEY HEATH. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.)

SCRAPS of history, supported by such authorities as the "Golden Legend" and "Saxon Chronicle," in addition to more modern writers, and little biographical and archaeological sketches, alternate with the more purely descriptive work which one expects in such a book as this. We welcome the short outline of the life and work of William Barnes, the Dorset poet, who must surely come to his own and rank beside Thomas Hardy as a faithful painter of West Country folk—higher perhaps than Hardy for his exquisite rendering of the moods and emotions of these people. Were it not for such fragments of literary work as this sketch, the book would rank merely as a good tourist guide, for superficial archaeology and "an eye for country" are fairly common attributes in these days of technical classes and week-end tickets. As it is, however, there is sufficient in the book not only to fill the wants of the guide-book needing class, but to delight the West Countryman as well. The author spent long enough in "Wessex" and farther west to gain that insight to the peculiarities of the country which alone could make his book acceptable to a native. A number of photographic illustrations of exceptional merit are interspersed among the pages of the work.

*Etude critique sur l'abus des statues.* By GUSTAVE PESSARD. (H. Daragon, Paris. 2f.)

MR. CHESTERTON once said, in speaking of monuments to great men, that the French way was to make beautiful statues of them, the German way to make ugly statues, and the English to make none at all. Here we have an amusing attempt to prove that the first part of this proposition is on the whole not true, and that the English method is roughly the right one. It seems that there are some nine hundred statues adorning the streets of Paris, either on duty already or in commission, and that a large proportion of them are without any merit, artistic or sentimental. M. Raymond Strauss in a short epilogue imputes the blame to the artists, who have a vested interest in this large output. M. le Corbeiller, who also contributes an article, has a measure to propose to the Municipality of Paris, by which superfluous statues are to be banished to the outskirts of the capital, and "surtout qu'on ne statue plus aucun personnage qu'autant que dix bonnes années se soient écoulées entre le jour de sa mort et celui de sa pétrification." The question hardly concerns us whether the exaggeration belongs to the fact or to the critics, but this we can safely say, that M. Pessard and his collaborators have provided the inquisitive tourist with a most complete and detailed catalogue of the stone population of the streets of Paris.



## NEW EDITIONS

*A Kentucky Cardinal*, by JAMES LANE ALLEN; *Don Orsino*, by F. MARION CRAWFORD; *The Benefactress*, by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden;" *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*, by CHARLES MAJOR; *Miranda of the Balcony*, by A. E. W. MASON. (Macmillan and Co. 7d. each net.)

Five additions to Messrs. Macmillan's dainty sevenpenny series are very welcome, but most pleasing of all will be the *Kentucky Cardinal* and its sequel *Aftermath* in the same volume at this very modest price, uniform with *The Choir Invisible*. Each book has the usual frontispiece, and is bound in the familiar blue covers.

## REFERENCE BOOKS

*Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench.* (Dean and Son. 7s. 6d. net.)

*The London Diocese Book for 1912.* Edited by the REV. PREBENDARY GLENDINNING NASH. (S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d. net.)

*The London Matriculation Directory.* (Burlington House, Cambridge. 1s. net.)

THESE three books form most useful and efficient guides for politicians, clergymen, students, and all who take an interest in the departments with which each deals. Although no change has taken place with regard to the governing party in the House of Commons since the previous issue of Messrs. Dean and Son's book, a large number of alterations have been made in the positions held by the different Ministers; so that it is absolutely necessary for those who wish to have before them an accurate account of the personnel of Parliament as at present constituted to possess some kind of reference-book dealing with the subject. And we think that no better choice could be made than by selecting the present volume. In past years it has always been found accurate and concise, and it is well and clearly printed.

"The London Diocese Book" is not only handy as a work of reference, but also contains much of historical interest. The various sections are well tabulated and quite easy to find by recourse to the general index.

"The Matriculation Directory" consists mostly of papers set for the various Matriculation examinations, together with some general hints as to text-books, &c. It is a very useful book for candidates who contemplate studying in order to pass one or more of the many subjects set as tests in these examinations.

## FICTION

*The Pilgrim Kamanita.* By KARL GJELLERUP. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS legendary romance of the pilgrim who sat unwittingly at the feet of Buddha, and afterwards passed through the lower heavens to perfect Nirvana, bears with it all the fragrance and charm of the land which gives birth to such legends. The love of Kamanita and Vasitthi, condemned never to reach fruition on earth, brings them together in the after-worlds of Buddhist belief, and it is Vasitthi, the woman, who leads her lover up through stage after stage of existence to Nirvana and supreme self-abnegation—Vasitthi, the woman, whose influence gives to the legend its peculiar delicacy and power of attraction.

The story of Kamanita's life, as he related it to Buddha himself, not knowing the identity of his listener, is tragic in its simplicity, and truly Eastern in the gorgeous descriptive-

ness which adorns the narrative. Kamanita tested every earthly pleasure and found it fail—found that in pleasure he gradually lost sight of himself and his ideals; then he turned ascetic. For higher and more nearly selfless motives Vasitthi turned ascetic too, else had they never attained Nirvana together.

To the Western mind the end of the story—complete absorption in the Supreme Power and loss of identity—is unsatisfying; but it is fully in accordance with the Vedic teachings of which Herr Gjellerup evinces so rich and complete a knowledge. Every page of the book—admirably translated, by the way—bears evidence of such familiarity with Buddhist teachings and creeds as Western minds seldom compass, and the result is a story of singular beauty.

He who runs may read the story, but to him who reads with opened eyes this is more than a story. What the "Nibelungenlied" is to Germany, what Mallory and Chaucer and their fellows are to the English, such stories as this are to the lands and peoples of their origin—a part of the races' faith and heritage. Behind the pilgrim Kamanita is veiled the type, behind the story is allegory, not less powerful because alien in principle (though nearly identical in effect) from our own creeds. The title of the book will cause many to regard it as *caviare*, probably, and will perhaps assist in placing it among the works on which Lord Rosebery had a word to say; nevertheless, it deserves a place among our classic literature rather than on an obscure shelf of a Carnegie library. It is a rare and delicate achievement, and a noteworthy book.

*Across the Footlights.* By FERGUS HUME. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

It seems but a few days ago that we were reading "The Steel Crown," by Mr. Fergus Hume, and yet here we have another romance by the same pen. It may be because the last story is still fresh in our memory that we fail altogether to appreciate "Across the Footlights." There is a great similarity between the two books. Beryl, a young actress, is almost an exact counterpart of the young woman in the previous book who kept a boarding-house where the ex-Queen was murdered. And Dr. Derwent as the noble lover corresponds equally well to Anthony Hale. So that when all is said and done it is simply the situations that change in Mr. Hume's books; the characters retire to the green-room to make a slight change in their costumes, always to return and act again the same part. After several times this becomes monotonous. We admire Portia very much, and a good actress in "The Merchant of Venice" is a delight to behold, but all Portias taking part in nothing but "Merchants of Venice" are apt to bore one in time. In like manner one murder, one villain, one charming girl, and one good young man do not necessarily make an entertaining story. In this instance the secret as to who is the real murderer is well hidden until the last chapters are reached. It is the numerous explanations and cross-examinations of the friends who take it upon themselves to track the criminal which drag and make the reader long to turn over the pages quicker than they can be read. The bad men are not now putting the country to the expense of a long trial; Mr. Hume manages conveniently to dispose of them either in a motor-car accident or by falling over a cliff, thus clearing the way for every one else to come into his own and be happy ever after.

*The Country Heart, and Other Stories.* By MAUDE EGERTON KING. (A. C. Fifield. 6s.)

ONE gathers from this collection of short stories that their authoress possesses the country heart, and, in viewing the

multitude of struggles which makes up the world, sympathises in nearly every case with the under-dog. The story which gives a title to the book, "The Junction," "Sarah's Way," and "Love's Birthday" are the four which go to form a valid reason for reproduction, in book form, of fiction better suited by its length for periodical publication. For in each of these four stories there is a motive expressed, a psychological truth—and in one a physiological truth—which, were it published and advertised and hammered home, would better the world. Certainly "The Junction" is a little far-fetched; a certain John Smith, travelling while hardly recovered from an illness, has a talk in the railway carriage with John Smith, twenty years older. Realising, on awakening from his dream, that if he carries out the intention of his journey he will in twenty years have bartered his soul for position, he turns back—but the story must be read for full appreciation of the truth which it expresses.

One other point is worthy of comment. Though the authoress realises, as do all who think to any depth, the grim tragedy which underlies all life, she realises and gives expression to the equally patent underlying principle of Ultimate Good—she has found the world sorrowful enough, in all conscience, but never hopeless, and its guiding power is neither a blind unreason nor a capriciousness. It may be gathered that these stories are hardly railway journey pastimes, but studies which, by reason of their depth and power, deserve a wider sale than any volume of short stories is likely to achieve.

*His First Offence.* By J. STORER CLOUSTON. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

THE whole of this book is an amusing and entertaining farce from beginning to end. It might almost be called a detective story but for the fact that there is nothing to discover. Chapter I. opens with the promise of a mystery, and when to that is added the most absurd mistakes and misunderstandings that it is possible to imagine, there is nothing for the reader to do but to remark "How silly!" and still pursue until the end is reached. The plot—if such it can be called—reads like a humorous rendering of a well-known tragedy that claimed the attention of Europe and America not so very long ago, the police inspectors not being omitted in the share of chaff. One is compelled to be at breathless attention all the way through, the progress of events is so rapid. The exit of a cook, the arrival of a Bishop to dinner, the mistress taking the cook's place, seem simple enough happenings in themselves, but they cause an endless amount of complications, the laughable side of which is always well to the fore. For a rollicking, jolly little story, and one which is certain to drive away a dull half-hour, we can certainly recommend "His First Offence."

*Kalomera.* By W. J. SAUNDERS. (Elliot Stock. 6s.)

MR. SAUNDERS explains a system of communal government, describing it as actually in operation in a mythical country, on which a mythical traveller stumbles by accident. Everything is very simple, very beautiful, and the people are so bound together by mutual affection that very few exhibit other than the most perfect contentment with their most perfect lot. It follows naturally that "Kalomera" must be a very dull place indeed, and so we find it. After the manner of idealists, Mr. Saunders leaves out of his reckoning the imperfections and frailties of humanity. His communal people submit without question to all the rules imposed on them, to marriage at a certain age, to the limitation of the number of their children by the State, to elimination of the unfit from the race by eugenic methods,

and to other small restrictions by which Mr. Saunders unconsciously assists in proving that communal government inevitably develops into tyranny, beneficent or otherwise according to circumstances.

"Kalomera" has all been written before, and some of it has been put into practice—by the Inca Government of Peru, for instance. Even Mr. Saunders' views on the disposal of literature have been anticipated by Lord Rosebery, and various writers have given us schemes of communal government of equal and greater value than this. The views expressed are very elaborate and precise, but they form the vision of an individual, and are not a communal expression. Mr. Saunders has thus defeated his own end, and, worst fault of all, he has shown us nothing new.

*Captain Klek: a Romance of Marseilles.* By H. W. F. (Watts and Co. 2s. net.)

ALL the potentialities of a good story have been spoilt by a commonplace recital of facts, and more or less prosy opinions on things in general. The only excuse for the book is the dramatic and unexpected *dénouement*, which, however, is led up to in an uninteresting and colourless way. Captain Klek apparently could have furnished abundant material for adventures by flood and field. These are relegated to the background in favour of insipid reflections by the teller of the story which the public might well have been spared.

## THE THEATRE

### "TRILBY" AT HIS MAJESTY'S

IF we dared venture upon such a dreadful heresy, dared to tread upon the toes of those devout Shakespeareans for whom Sir Herbert Tree represents the High Priest, the great intermediary between the dramatist and the public, we should say once and for all that we enjoy witnessing Sir Herbert in parts such as Svengali or the "Man who Was" infinitely better than when he dons the Cardinal's robes or affects kingly attributes; and, from all we hear, we should be far from unsupported in that heresy. It has been a relief of late to see him in plays where sheer fine acting is demanded—plays where there is no glamour of the declamatory, familiar passage, breathlessly awaited by the audience, and no beauty of rhythmic verse to carry off mannerisms. Having thus flung down the glove, let us glance at "Trilby."

"Trilby" stages delightfully—there is no doubt about that. If only for the contrasts, so evident in the book, that seem to call for the actor's aid, we might know it. As soon as ever the huge—and original—Taffy stalked in, big as a sentry-box, the audience settled itself comfortably, fearing naught. Mr. Edmund Maurice was "great" as Taffy in more senses than one, and Mr. A. E. George, excellently made up as the red-bearded "The Laird" McAlister, was the cause of much joy with his Scotch accent and his share of the comedy scene when Little Billee's extremely shocked parents catch sight of the riotous art-students' dance. This scene, by the way, was only just saved from becoming low comedy; we could have done without the farcical manoeuvring with "Sandy's" sporrán and false nose and wreath of roses; it failed to hang together with the underlying seriousness of the visit. We are presuming that all our readers are familiar with the story of Trilby O'Ferrall, so we will not occupy space by relating it.

Trilby herself was an immense and immediate success in the person of Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry. Her behaviour



with the "dear boys" in their studio was perfection; her singing in Act III. wrought the house into a furor of acclamation, and her look of being haunted, when under the baleful mesmeric influence of Svengali, sent shudders through us. Her eyes turned to him questioning, imploring, despairing, as she sang; and she sang as one in a frightful dream. So fine a piece of careful, restrained acting we have rarely seen. On the other hand, Mr. E. Ion Swinley failed to convey the romantic note which is absolutely essential to "Little Billee." An entirely different treatment of the part is required—more simplicity, less conventionality in the expression of emotion; we never felt for a moment that he was the unaffected, lovable "Billee" of George du Maurier. As Madame Vinard, Miss Rosina Filippi bustled and scolded and laughed in exactly the right vein, while the minor parts—especially the capital "Manager Kaw" of Mr. Francis Chamier—were all in good hands.

As Svengali, we imagine that Sir Herbert Tree is unapproachable. He is inside the very skin of the part; Svengali's *diablerie*, his flamboyant humour, his spider-like propensities, his fluency and facility of movement, as of an extremely active Fagin, are irresistibly real, and—a point we were very much afraid of—he did not overdo the mesmeric "business" with Trilby. A clever innovation, which incorporated the audience with the play, took place in the third Act, when the curtain was quickly lowered, and Trilby, with Svengali conducting the orchestra, sang as though in the "Cirque des Bashi-Bazoucks." Not for an instant did the bewildered expression leave her face, and she is to be heartily congratulated on a remarkably fine interpretation.

"Trilby" is billed to run for three weeks only; but we shall not be surprised if Sir Herbert Tree decides to produce it for a much longer period, for the house cheered itself hoarse, and the enchantment of the Quartier Latin was upon us all.

"Out West: A Story of Californian Life," produced at the Palace Theatre for the first time on Monday evening, is a very fierce little tragedy which takes place in a shanty at Golden Camp. Inez, a young Spanish wife, is tired of her English husband, having taken a fancy to his partner Pedro. Pedro, for his part, offers to exchange his partnership for his friend's wife. The two men engage in a struggle; Inez coming upon the scene, shoots to kill her husband; but, as was to be expected, it is Pedro who is mortally wounded. A rough-and-ready trial takes place, Dick taking upon himself his wife's guilt. A Chinese servant, who has been ill-treated by the Spanish woman, comes forward and denounces her, and the curtain rings down upon Inez leaving the shanty alone. The play is in the hands of very capable actors; otherwise it would not be one to merit a great deal of praise. Struggles, pistol-shots, and much rough handling still receive an uproarious welcome in some parts of London, but we have repeatedly noticed that West End audiences are very little moved when witnessing them.

Our introduction to Mr. Pélissier's *Punchinellos* was made in a very dainty manner through a light and gauzy curtain, which gradually lifted and revealed eight of these charming and clever entertainers. They threw themselves into their parts with all their usual enthusiasm. "Why Should I Look on the Bright Side of Things?" an amusing up-to-date song, and burlesque of breakfast-tables as they appear in comic and serious opera, filled up their programme. They finished with a kind of tableau. We had hoped that they would gradually fade away behind the curtain as they had come to us; the effect was so pretty.

The Grecian Maids and Ziska Dalhi also made their first

appearance on Monday night. These are dancers after the style of Maud Allan, employing all the familiar serpentine movements of the limbs—in fact, Ziska Dalhi had a snake entwined round her as she danced. It is probably clever, and it may be graceful, but we always have a horrible creepy feeling all the time it is going on, and wish that in the second part they might turn into dances similar to those in the Empire Ballet.

## SOME NEW FRENCH PLAYS—I.

THE Rostand family seems to have been specially blessed by Providence, for it contains three geniuses—all poets! This awe-inspiring trinity is touchingly united: no dissension ever occurs between its members, no base envy—no jealousy. They help each other and collaborate in perfect harmony. Indeed this harmony is occasionally so great that it is almost impossible not to confuse the poetry of M. Edmond Rostand with that of Madame Rosemonde Gérard, his wife, or with that of their son, M. Maurice Rostand. Further, the Rostands are really touching in the simplicity with which they are wont to express publicly the admiration they feel for one another. Thus Madame Rosemonde Gérard, who is of English origin, expressed last year, in an ardent poem published in an important magazine about the time of the triumph of "Chantecler," the intense enthusiasm the talent and personality of her son Maurice provoked in her maternal bosom. She even went so far as to compare him to a "carpocracian," which is not generally considered a desirable epithet in describing a young gentleman of eighteen! And since that time she has not varied in her opinion, for both mother and child have had the delightful idea of writing together a play in verse, which they declared was designed for the amusement of little ones. They have drawn their subject from Madame de Ségur's charming book, "Le Bon Petit Diable."

It is pertinently said that too many cooks spoil the broth. Now Madame de Ségur's broth was excellent, simple yet ably flavoured and mixed with various ingredients. Tenderness was enhanced by a touch of humour, and sadness was dispelled by a healthy, boyish gaiety. But Maurice Rostand and his mother have thought it necessary to add spices of their own composition, and have thus destroyed the wholesome charm residing in the good Madame de Ségur's work; moreover, to preserve a tradition dear to the Rostand family, they have not been sparing in lyrical outbursts and sudden disconcerting poetic comparisons.

The subject of "Le Bon Petit Diable" is very simple. It is the story of a little orphan boy, Charles MacLance, who is left in charge of an old Scotch cousin, Mrs. MacMiche. The mischievous nature of her ward irritates the dour old woman, who is continually tyrannising over him. In the end, tired of being punished without cause, Charles becomes hardened, and really naughty, and does not hesitate to play all the most disagreeable practical jokes he can invent upon his wicked old cousin. But one day he comes into a large fortune. He immediately leaves Scotland for England to take possession of his inheritance. Several years later Mrs. MacMiche, who in the interval has repented of her harshness, begs Charles to come back—she is very ill, and wishes to see her ex-ward once more before she dies. Charles consents but on arriving in his former home all seems so poor and so unfamiliar to him that he appears to have become a stiff and pretentious young nobleman. However, after having passed some hours in the house where he suffered so much formerly, he recovers his old character, kind at heart, but very mischievous and gay—in short, a "good little devil." He meets

Juliette again—his sweetheart in the days gone by, whom he had almost forgotten. Suddenly, abandoning his rich and frivolous fiancée and his gay companions, he marries Juliette, and takes his old enemy Mrs. MacMiche, now transformed into a seraphic octogenarian, to live with them.

The fairies have not been absolutely alien to all the happenings which occur in "Le Bon Petit Diable." They spend their time helping Charles out of scrapes and saving difficult situations. Queen Mab restores Juliette's eyesight, so that she may have the joy of reading Charles' love-letter. It is a pity that these amiable supernatural beings did not find the means of suppressing some of the countless enumerations the authors have thought wise to sprinkle through the whole play. Indeed the habit of enumerating is a poetical process much in favour with the Rostand family. In "Chantecler" there are many examples of this, and Monsieur Rostand has evidently transmitted this taste of his to his wife and son. In "Le Bon Petit Diable" the enumerations are so frequent that they become at length insufferable. The actors give one the impression of scholars reciting whole pages from manuals of botany, sociology, sentimentality, geology, &c., as the case may be. Of course, "Le Bon Petit Diable" contains some very pleasant passages and happy verses. But we doubt whether even a schoolboy, cursed with lyrical tendencies, would declare that the fingers of his beloved were "as transparent as sugar-candy"!

"Le Bon Petit Diable" did not much amuse the grown-up public, still less the children. It is too poor an imitation of M. Edmond Rostand's plays and style to be interesting. Imitations are only amusing when due to a stranger who takes the trouble to achieve a good copy of his model; an imitation due to two members of a trinity possessing the same kind of talent is really a very tame affair.

The staging of the play was quaint and amusing—the caste on the whole excellent. The rôle of Mrs. MacMiche was very well played by M. Galipaux, who was inimitable in his personation of a miserly, harsh old Scotch woman. Monsieur Pladier as Charles was good, but rather too emphatic and declamatory. Mademoiselle Mellat (Juliette) possesses a delightful voice, but she should learn how to use and not to abuse the effects she can produce.

A special drop-curtain had been designed representing an enormous copy of Madame de Ségur's book in its traditional red and gold binding, suspended half-open in mid-air. Under it, as though he had escaped from its pages, a diminutive Charles was opening a jack-in-the-box, whilst in a corner was seen Madame MacMiche collapsed on the ground in her fright of her terrible cousin "Le Bon Petit Diable."

MARC LOGÉ.

## PIANOFORTE PLAYING

EVERYBODY knows that whatever the pleasure may be, you do not enjoy it as much when you can have it every day as you did when you could have it but seldom. Bridget Elia's cousin used to tell her, as they discussed play-going, that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going; and there was profound sense in the parting wish of the little old lady to Pomona in "Rudder Grange"—"I hope that you will have all you want, and more, but less if you'd like it!" There was a time when we hungered for a great deal more piano-playing. Now, perhaps, we would be glad of less, and regret the good old times when sleep and lessons were interrupted by the excitement of anticipation, because in a few weeks' time the amazing Arabella Goddard or the loftily serene Charles Hallé would play a programme of piano-music in our county town, and we were to be allowed to go. Even during the

London Season there was but little in the way of piano recitals; a blissful occasional visit to Professor Ella's Musical Union Concerts is all that we can remember, besides the almost maddening delight of the Opera with Patti or Nilsson.

Pianists and their recitals became more numerous as the dawn broke which ushered in modern Music's day. The coming to London of Richter (we think it was 1879) marks an epoch for the musician, as the Taking of Constantinople or the Discovery of America does for the historian. Since that momentous visit we have gradually come to have more music, perhaps, than some of us want. But in the few years that preceded it great Mme. Schumann, and Rubinstein, and Bulow had played the piano to us, and Anna Mehlig and Marie Krebs, and Mortier de Fontaine, and Alfred Jaell, and Brassin, and Bache, and Dannreuther—we might even extend the list. Still, the performances of these marvels of technique and taste were not too common, and they could be thoroughly enjoyed. The sky would have been expected to fall had anything been announced like the deluge of pianists which has lately swept over London. Had it been possible, one could have listened to ten of them in seven days—Messrs. Wesley Weyman, Leonard Borwick, James Friskin, Mark Hambourg, Egon Petri, Percy Grainger, Sergei Tarnowsky and Cortot; Adela Verne and Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler. Ye gods, what a feast! We should have liked to hear them all, had we not been convinced that a moderate diet in music is best, as is the case with more material food. After ten pianistic performances in one week we should have resembled the *gourmet* whom the City waiters know so well at the close of the Dining Season, who lays down his fretful fork when the salmon is offered, and sighs for a plain water-soufflé with bread-and-butter.

We had recently been interested in reading a pamphlet written by Mr. George Woodhouse, and published by Messrs. Reeve, entitled "The Artist at the Piano." This little work has been highly praised by M. Paderewski, and in spite of the fact that the richness of its style is somewhat dismaying to a reader who prefers plain language, we had fully agreed with Mr. Woodhouse's conclusions. (Perhaps it was impossible to disagree with a writer who could pen such a sentence as this: "Despot reason, for one short moment, swayed my mentality, and the artist in me dwindled to microbic dimensions.") He discourages slavery to theories concerning the production of tone on the piano-forte, and urges players to make themselves "artists," not mere "pianists." Dreading lest any of the performers we were to hear should turn out to be "theorists" only, or "rationalists," we were agreeably disappointed.

It is true that one of them, Mr. Mark Hambourg, appeared to rejoice more in his possession of an exceptionally brilliant technique than in his power to sway his audience by the emotion of the music, but it was impossible not to delight in his rendering of the Scherzo in Chopin's Sonata in B minor. Was the "cut" he made in the Finale intentional, we wondered, or the result of a momentary forgetfulness? If it was the latter, he escaped from the accident with great presence of mind. But his playing is so well known, and we must in fairness add, so widely appreciated (his audience was very large), that we will not discuss it further. Mr. James Friskin was very happy in a Partita of Bach. His tone was good, his manner clear and incisive, and he let the beautiful broad lines of the music make their own effect, instead of attempting to engage our attention to details and ornamentation. His opening phrases of Beethoven's Sonata, "Les Adieux, L'Absence, et le Retour" were so charged with simple, sincere feeling, that one felt all the more a want of warmth in the rest. In Franck's "Prelude, Aria, and Finale" he succeeded far better than many of the pianists who attempt that difficult and magnificent work, yet he was



not broad enough; and, in a different spirit from that in which he had played his Bach, he seemed too anxious to let us know how subtle a contrapuntist Franck was. He played with great spirit an uncommonly pleasant group of pieces by musicians who were, like himself, at the Royal College of Music—Hurlstone, Dyson, Bridge, Samuel, and himself.

Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeissler is certainly no "theorist." She must in her student days have acquired the ability to play anything exactly as she chose to play it, and if we may criticise an artist of such distinction we should say that she allows her own personality to overshadow that of the composer, and that is why we did not completely enjoy her Chopin (the Sonata in B flat minor) nor her Rhapsody (Op. 119, No. 4) of Brahms. She played as if her own enjoyment of the music was intense, and that was very good. But her rhythm and her accents and her expression seemed to us to be too much emphasised. Her Scherzo, too, was heavy, not impetuous, and the March did not impress by its solemnity. It is hard to understand why she played the Rhapsody at so slow a pace; the effect was almost clumsy, and to the middle section an air, rather arch than graceful, was given. But she is a most interesting, and in some ways, a splendid pianist. M. Tarnowsky had already given three recitals before we were privileged to hear him, and tidings had reached us that he was an artist of the first order. They were justified. He has a singularly beautiful touch, a technical accomplishment sufficient for every need, ample warmth and vigour, and these qualities are made valuable by a truly musician-like spirit.

We never heard Liszt play the "Moonlight Sonata," but we have lately read M. Siloti's animating description of that performance which made him say that, compared with Liszt, Rubinstein as a pianist no longer existed! But M. Tarnowsky played the Sonata so finely that we could well believe he had acquired something of the Liszt tradition about it. He gave all the poetry and the pride of Schumann's Fantasia in C with unfailing freedom of style, and in some arrangements by Liszt he was never the mere *virtuoso*, but always the artist-interpreter. Paderewski could hardly have played the "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges" with greater charm. Finally we heard Mr. Percy Grainger play Franck's "Variations Symphoniques" with Mr. Beecham's orchestra at the Palladium on Sunday last. After such a concert, pray let us hear no more about the advantage the towns of Germany possess over London as regards good and cheap musical performances. For eighteenpence you could sit in a comfortable chair and listen to the "Eroica" Symphony, two Overtures of Beethoven, and Franck's lovely piece, all admirably played.

Mr. Grainger fairly transported us with delight. He seemed made for such music, sharing to the full the deep feeling of its opening pages, and then revelling in the gladness of the Finale. This he took at a breathless speed, yet was able to vary his tone, and put shade into his colour, and attend to every nuance. It was a triumph of delicately woven joyousness. Being loudly called upon for more, he played his own arrangement of a folk-song, the name of which we have forgotten. One understood, after the appeal of this little piece, how he had been able to feel and express so well the message of the greater. He is in intimate communion with the spirit of his music. Mr. Hammerstein seems to be doing very well now that he has halved the prices at his Opera House. His performance of "Faust," with the flute-voiced Miss Lyne as Margaret, and Mr. Harrold, a Faust far beyond the average, has drawn, as it deserved to draw, an audience that occupied every seat. That Gounod's opera is still a trump-card for a manager to play is no doubt a mortifying fact for some of those whom we may style musical Progressives; but we may note that even "Faust" would not attract a large number of people unless it were particularly

well given. The *prima donna* is still, to the average Englishman, a more powerful magnet than any opera, and Miss Lyne is not likely to sing to empty benches for a long time to come, if we may venture on the rôle of prophet.

### NIETZSCHE'S PHILOSOPHY\*—III.

NIETZSCHE writes of a man who was once a friend, but whom, since he has become a successful friend, he has learnt to hate. "Success," he says, "has always been the greatest liar." The fact that Nietzsche himself was something of a musician adds to the significance of his hostile attitude. The artistic temperament is one which endows its possessor with that capacity for jealousy which is apt to confuse principles with persons.

That Wagner should have won over so many to his own views, that he should have been the means of popularising ideas and ideals strongly tinged with Christianity—this is enough to account for the philosopher's anger, enough to explain the fury of the iconoclast against the man who "suddenly fell helpless and broken on his knees before the Christian Cross." Added to this, Nietzsche's incurable cynicism is a quality which does not help towards a right valuation of what is either good or great.

Thus prejudiced, Nietzsche proceeds to attack Wagner's person, philosophy, and art. He casts doubt upon the composer's parentage and legitimacy of birth—an irrelevant question. The musician's philosophy he arraigns on the ground that it allows for the existence of God. Wagner's art he denounces as being "morbid and diseased," and the artist himself as having "represented through corruption;" while all that he ever wrote is supposed to stand self-condemned on the ground of its appeal to the people, its so-called absence of melody and rhythm. He hurls abuse at the master for what he considers emotional and chaotic in his work. Its faults are its incompleteness and its vagueness. Wagner was unable to create things as a whole; his is a "style which may mean an infinity of things." What we would ask is, whether such wholesale charges are true; and further, though there be an element of half-truth in them, are such accusations really damaging to the cause for which the composer stood? We venture to think they are not. Wagner was able to find so many followers for the very reason that his art was so many-sided. It was no accident that such music as his grew to be appreciated just at an age when the masses were beginning to find a conscious existence and were seeking an art for self-expression. Wagner taught what many had long though secretly suspected—viz., that melody and rhythm are capable of only comparative and ever-varying definition; that each may speak many languages according to age, locality and temperament. Music which plays upon the scale of emotion is guiltless of self-prostitution. That which appears chaotic to one, reveals rule and order to another who has a deeper insight. They who lack the wider power to grasp the work in its entirety will always be offended by what they term its incompleteness. Vagueness is used as a word of reproach by those who are impatient for more detailed guidance.

To understand and rightly to value all that Richard Wagner did for music, we must endeavour to realise into what state the art had fallen one hundred years ago. Its

\* (1) *The Case of Wagner*; (2) *Nietzsche contra Wagner*; (3) *Selected Aphorisms*; (4) *We Philologists*. Being Vol. VIII. of the Complete Works. Translated by Anthony M. Ludovici and J. M. Kennedy. (T. N. Foulis. 3s. 6d. net.)

very life was in danger. Music in Europe was dying of strangulation. Its fields were circumscribed, guarded, policed, by law-binding conventionalism, contrapuntal limitations, forbidden modulations, orchestration etiquettes. The results were insipidity, unreality, insincerity, and dullness. The realm of the divine art had come to be regarded as a sort of *jardin de plaisir*, in which you must conduct yourself with respectful good manners. From all this Wagner has redeemed us.

Thanks to him, to-day we understand how the so-called laws of music are servants, but no masters; how music's message is for all, and not only for the few; how it is no mere game for the selfish enjoyment of the very elect. For such new outlook we are grateful to this inspired explorer and pioneer. Wagner and Ruskin would have agreed as to the great purpose of music: "To say a thing you mean, deeply and in the strongest and clearest possible way."

We do not forget that Wagner has had disciples who have exaggerated, indeed parodied, that which was characteristic of the master himself. From such as these some have turned, and rightly turned, in disgust. It is the old story of the whole truth being what saves, while the half-truth destroys.

At the end of "The Case of Wagner" Nietzsche gives his reasons for writing this essay, "the three *requisitions* concerning which my wrath and my care and love of art have made me open my mouth on this occasion."

"That the stage should not become master of the arts.

"That the actor should not become the corrupter of the genuine.

"That music should not become an art of lying."

Here we find Nietzsche's main objection against Wagner—"that he was an actor," and that his art represents the "rise of the actor in music."

This is important, bearing, as it does, upon the question of the composer's real significance as Reformer of Grand Opera, or of "Lyric Drama," as he himself preferred to call it. In this field of art Wagner revived a forgotten ideal. His contention was that the Drama demanded that poetry, scenery, music and action should be in complete accord; that each character should be individualised by means of the "Leit-motif;" that the story should flow on with none of the conventional interludes; that the orchestral accompaniment should enforce every detail, whether of thought, word or action.

Granted that Wagner may be termed in a sense a "Revolutionist," yet he may claim the old Greek drama as his prototype;—his changes were constructive. Like all champions of reform, he had to wait for recognition. Gradually the lovers of the Lyric drama were converted to his teaching, and at length the man himself became to many almost an object of worship. The tendency to-day undoubtedly is for some enthusiasts to look for more than can be found in Wagner. People like Nietzsche, who began by taking Wagner as their prophet in all things, are now disposed to lay the blame on him for everything they dislike, be it in the realm of modern drama, poetry, religion, art, philosophy, German Imperialism, or even medicine—surely a most unreasonable attitude. These disappointed ones would charge Wagner with having been a decadent, but we are disposed unhesitatingly to reject the charge. To have restored to life the lyric drama, to have put new interest into art as a means of expressing all that is real, to have shown a power and skill hitherto unknown in the handling of method and technic—these are not signs of decadence. No: the more we read of Nietzsche's "Case of Wagner" the more we are inclined to ask whether the author can to-day be taken seriously, for he himself has also written, "Happy is he if like Wagner . . . he has a dim presentiment of those auspicious powers amid which a new culture is stirring;" and, again, is it not Nietzsche

who once spoke of Wagner's "clear glance for the only worthy position of art"?

In "We Philologists" we have the outline (published posthumously) of a work on educational ideals which the author never completed. The word "philologists" is used chiefly in reference to the teachers of the classics in German colleges and Universities, whom Nietzsche considered to be "absolutely unfitted for their high task, since they were one and all incapable of entering into the spirit of antiquity." Here, as in Wagner's case, we must bear in mind how strongly Nietzsche was prejudiced against anything that was German. Yet we can believe that his criticisms are well deserved, knowing, as Mr. J. M. Kennedy says in his introduction, that "the observations in this book apply as much to England as to Germany." Whence comes, it is asked, the Philologist's pretension to be a teacher? and we need expect no answer, because the question is rarely asked. Classical education, having grown to be a habit, has lost consciousness of its utter prejudice. "They (the Philologists) have the schools in their hands; but for how long?" It is to the interest of the Classical Educationalists to keep antiquity dark, lest they should lose their calling, and some of their religious views should be shown to require readjustment. We have the necessary distinction drawn between "Formal (i.e., classical) teaching" and "material teaching." Nietzsche truly says: "The position we have taken up towards classical antiquity is at bottom the profound cause of the sterility of modern culture? The mistake which the philologist makes is put down to the fact that he 'either does not understand antiquity, or the present time, or himself.'"

We agree with Nietzsche when he says, "The utility of classical education is completely used up;" with this qualification, that the fault is to be found, not in the power of Christian history ("philologists—theologians in disguise"), but in the totally unenlightened way in which the classics have been used for the purpose of education. Nietzsche says rightly that "we concern ourselves with antiquity at a wrong period of our lives." He thinks that it is at the end of the 'twenties when "its meaning begins to dawn on one."

Few will read these thoughtful notes and criticisms without realising their significance for us to-day. The times are not lacking in signs that our educationalists are moving—and none too soon. Reality is to be the note to which our modern conception of education will be tuned. Power to do is what we shall seek to draw forth, rather than versatility in words and grammatical forms. The whole question is one which concerns the nations of the civilised world, and cannot be cramped within the boundaries of "belles lettres." "I believe," says Nietzsche, "an amalgamation . . . for the breeding of better men is the task of the future." Such sentiments will be endorsed by many, who will heartily join in the Philosopher's final rallying cry, "Educate educators!"

## SHAKESPEARE AND AUTUMN

To the lover of Nature all her moods are sacred. The ground beneath the clump of beech-trees is strewn with the dead leaves of Autumn, more brilliant than waves of purple heather in July; to the musing wanderer by field and fell they recall the gorgeous colouring of the red rose. Nature fills her brush with autumn tints, and the wooded slopes glow with sacred fire; one sweep of that brush of hers is as a magic wand, crowning death and decay with glory. Hedge-row and woodland now rest from their labours; the birds are strangely mute. The air, charged with moisture from marsh and meadow, clothes the countryside with the artistry of Faerie. There is no artist subtler than the mist of the



fields. Yesterday every twig and bough was limned sharply against a background of ethereal blue, and we revelled in the freshness of a landscape of photographic definition. To-day a solemn wonder has succeeded. At long range the uplands are half blotted out; a spectral veil enshrouds them in mystery; they stretch away dim and distant.

Humankind is eternally endeavouring to level all things down from romance to commonplace, and for that reason humankind is eternally disquieted. On the far horizon, peak on peak, waves of grass-grown down gloom like rollers of the ocean. Their broad backs are tilled for God's husbandry by the mattock-hardened hand of man. Is there a more pathetic sight than that of a white-haired peasant, smock-frocked and bent with toil? He has bowed himself to his task so diligently that he can no longer hold his head erect. The sweeping cloud-wrack is a world above him. He moulds and fashions the world at his feet. One so twisted awry in the service of his fellows is surely a maimed soldier of the State, worthy of some less exacting fate than the hard benches of the poor-house.

Shakespeare dipped his brush in the hues of Autumn as in the lush colours of the Spring. When Hamlet first meets Rosencrantz and Guildenstern the atmosphere is that of Autumn. Who were this brace of subtle rascals—*Arcades ambo*? Surely veritable characters, drawn from life; their names suggest a couple of furtive German Jews, who perchance had overreached the Master at a bargain. His revenge was to impale them for all time in his cabinet of human types. In spite of the libraries of books written on Shakespeare and his craft one book has yet to be evolved—"The Names of Shakespeare's Characters." The Dickens gallery of figures—some puppets, many vital—pales before the multitude of men and women whom Shakespeare drew—none clothed in phantomry, all citizens of the world. He did not, we may be sure, pick his names at random; if we only knew, many of these names, familiar to us as household words, would be as keys to unlock some closed doorway of inquiry. Hamlet, it will be remembered, meets his fellow scholars of old days and instantly falls to moralising—for that was his chronic habit of mind. We mortals are fools of Nature, ever striving to grope after "thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls," so he had said to his bosom friend. Always probing beneath the surface show of things, he has already turned fiercely on the tedious foolery of Polonius. "Denmark's a prison," he groans, as the old man makes his exit and the scholars arrive. Rosencrantz, the pettifogger and sycophant, tries to turn the remark into shallow compliment. The reason why Hamlet feels imprisoned is, he says, because his ambition soars beyond the narrow confines of his native land. Hamlet replies with a remark as revealing as summer lightning: "O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams." If it be permissible to read self-revealing into Shakespeare's plays, surely we have in the cognitions of Hamlet, whose very humour wanders in strange climes, a reflection of the moods of Shakespeare's self. It must be borne in mind that as an impressionable lad Shakespeare had left his native town to seek his fortune amid the pageantry of London. His marriage as a mere boy to a woman much older than himself had probably set family and friends by the ears. We like to fancy that Shakespeare's mother stood by her wayward weaver of youthful folly; she must have been a true mother, and as such could she have resisted his impetuous pleading? We do not believe any woman could have done so. His father, probably at the time in financial straits, we must imagine hostile and morose.

At any rate Shakespeare turned his back on old associations, and probably in mingled wrath and penitence strode off to the phantom city—the Eldorado of wits—London.

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There he met hosts of friends, and in due time found his "co-mates and brothers in exile." Many a night in the early days of his pilgrimage, as he roamed round the city, he must have gone hungry, buffeted from post to pillar. "The play's the thing." With a few groats tossed him for trifling service rendered, we may imagine the country-bred lad amid a mob of human beings crammed in some "wooden O," listening with bright eyes and eager response to the rant and fustian of a pre-Shakespearean play."

When he wrote "Hamlet" the fires of those days had fallen into cold ashes. He felt the overpowering tragedy of Fate—"What a piece of work is a man." When the domestic actors who had stormed and raved as he turned his back on his home had quitted the earthly scene, some would have us think that Shakespeare's mind was a fallen temple. We do not believe it. Echoes of dead songs and hymns which once were chanted there haunted him with visions; so the play of "Hamlet" came to him in shreds and patches, and in the scene of the scholars we most likely have a scrap of autobiography. The talk that follows about "an airy of children, little eyases," we know recalls a contemporary feud which excited the fraternity of actors.

It was Autumn, then, when Shakespeare put the story of his own struggles into the mouth of Hamlet, and three characters of the play—Hamlet and the two eavesdroppers—look out of the Royal palace windows on wide belts of beech forests touched with the fiery finger of the season. Such a scene is visible from the Danish Royal palace windows to-day. Then the Prince of Denmark makes confession:—

It goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame the earth seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy the air, look you—this brave o'erhanging firmament—this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.

We started to ramble through the misty uplands that lie on the borders of our modern London, and our ramble has brought us to the dim realm of a tragedy that lay around London when Elizabeth was Queen. Seated by a sea-coal fire at the Mermaid Tavern, as the Master mused the fire burned, and for us he clothed his musings in immortal words.

## HOUSES TO LET

THERE are some old houses, never too charming in the days of their prosperity, when their windows were full of light, when their passages resounded with the footsteps of commonplace people, and their walls gave back the echoes of dull conversation, that in age and neglect seem to be half-way houses of pure romance. They are to be found in most suburbs, in back streets where, for one of a dozen reasons, house property is at a low ebb, nooks and corners of villadom situated at an unbusinesslike distance from railway-stations, places of badly-lighted streets and unattended roads. One may perambulate more popular quarters for hours with a feeling of depression at the evidence everywhere of the paramount *bourgeois* spirit, seeing through front windows the inevitable delf bowl on a *table d'occasion*, the outlines of laboured family portraits, the most recent improvements in gas-fittings or electric light shining hardly on those clean, smug bookcases, which seem to cry aloud that they have as little as possible to do with literature or learning. In the gardens one sees the usual round bed with the carefully-reared geraniums in the middle, the trim hedge cut weekly, the gravel path with an edge as straight as that of a piece of notepaper, the whitened steps, and the resplendent door-

knocker. Passing by these shows comes some grass-grown roadway, haunted by a dilapidated mansion, once, no doubt, a desirable residence, but now roughened by neglect into some deeper thing. There will be a crazy iron gateway, perhaps, leaning away from its posts, its two parts held in precarious communion by a rusty chain. There will be a mossy path, a flight of dirty steps, leading to a blackened door, a few frowning, cobwebbed windows, a lofty, unkempt hedge, and perhaps two or three rose-bushes which still, if it is summer, put forth stunted blooms through the coils of serpent-like creepers. That and no more; yet what a door this poor *ensemble* opens to the imagination! The effect is like that of a fine etching, colourless but full of suggestion, with a faint flavour of the sordid—but it is the romance of sordidness.

One never thinks of such a house as quite human in the comfortable bread-and-butter sense. It is rather like an untidy outpost of fairyland; every loss from the domestic neatness is a gain, every touch of dilapidation a new evidence of enchantment. If the windows are dusty, the more fit are they to frame goblin faces peering forth at midnight. If the door is cracked and its knocker corroded, the more naturally might it resound to the ghostly rat-tat of a magician. If the roof has lost many slates, so that one can hear the raindrops echoing from room to room on wet days, the more such an accompaniment fits that higher melancholy which is the half of beauty.

It is likely enough that the house will front a rectangular garden, sodden grass plots and lost-looking trees. But looking from the front one can never quite rid oneself of the idea that it conceals a lovingly arranged pleasure-ground, which has somehow escaped the eye of the jerry-builder, a kingdom of ruin whose dimensions have somehow evaded the mathematics of ground space; an unknown region where the grass climbs waist-high and leans over the paths to form a tunnel, through which an adventurous child might creep for an hour and never see the sun; where there lingers a grey sundial half overwhelmed by encroaching jungle, a mimic Greek altar before which he might burn matches as incense to the outlandish gods of childhood; where there is entered by stooping beneath a pall of ivy a decrepit summer-house, whose interior is hot and dark at noon, and its one window a blind eye veiled by a closely-woven tapestry of creeper-stems. There may be, too, a quiet orchard where all through the months of fruit the leaves rustle dryly as the birds swing on the hanging pears and apples. There may be invisible rockeries lying in wait to tumble the invader into a warm bed of couch-grass, and high walls with stone copings, work of the days when private property was still an unshaken idol. So much is not a great deal to ask, but the finding is doubtful, and it is wiser to stay in the road and peer through the rusty gates.

Who has not, when looking at those landscapes and interiors of the Dutch School, been haunted by a longing to adventure ever so little beyond where the picture ends, to glance through some half-opened door or to round the turn of some charming path? It is much the same with our empty house. It is not only because what one sees is magical, but also because it is so little, that one is filled with a desire of what lies beyond. But the wise man goes away with the desire in his heart, content with that cameo which Nature, battling, like the idealist, with an ugly civilisation, has achieved for him. He knows, too, that even could he find such a garden as he imagines, and penetrate to its end, he would still ache to climb the wall and discover new realms of lonely enchantment. And perhaps he would burst through some protesting door to behold a railway-cutting or the vista, not poetically distant, of a line of workmen's cottages. Then the domain would shrink, the ugliness of suburban life would batter upon its frontiers, and he would



turn sadly away, like that man who thought he held a priceless jewel in his hand, and, opening his fingers to examine it, found a morsel of dry bread.

R. T. CHANDLER.

## NOTES AND NEWS

The Art Gallery of Manchester (Mosley Street) is holding during February and March an Exhibition of work by Alphonse Legros. Paintings, drawings, etchings, and sculpture are included.

In connection with "L'Entente Cordiale," Professor Brandin will lecture (in French) at the International Hall, Café Monico, on Saturday, March 2nd, at 3 p.m., on "Quelques Humoristes Français," when the chair will be taken by J. Cathcart Wason, Esq., M.P.

The next production of the Incorporated Stage Society will be "Creditors," a tragi-comedy in one Act by August Strindberg, translated by Miss Ellie Schlensner, and "The Fool and the Wise Man," a play in one Act by Hermann Bahr, translated by Mrs. Washburn Freund.

We are informed that Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips had the honour of submitting for his Majesty's inspection at Buckingham Palace last week the collection of water-colour drawings of India by Mr. Reginald Barratt, A.R.W.S., which is at present on exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square.

The cast of "The Birthright," by Jan Paulus, which Mr. Maurice Elvey is producing at the Little Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) for the Adelphi Play Society, includes Messrs. Jules Shaw, Leslie Gordon, Leonard Calvert, Laurence Anderson, and Maurice Elvey, Misses Liza Macready, Gladys Jones, and Mary Mackenzie. The curtain will rise at 8.15.

Before the Institution of Civil Engineers on Tuesday last Mr. F. Shelford, B.Sc., M.I.C.E., read a paper on "Some Features of the West African Government Railways," in which he dealt interestingly with difficulties of construction, methods of signalling, rolling stock and locomotives in the West African Colonies, and called attention to some features of work in tropical countries which might usefully form the subject of discussion.

In the March number of the *Highway*, the organ of the Workers' Educational Association, there is to be an article from the pen of the Right Hon. Sir John Gorst on "The Failure of National Education." The writer attacks the National System as "a waste of money and energy." He attacks "higher education," as well as "cramming" and the examination system. The article seems likely to evoke considerable criticism from educationalists throughout the country.

The Victoria and Albert Museum has recently acquired a considerable number of drawings and designs by Alfred Stevens from the collections made by two of his pupils, James Gamble and Reuben Townroe, both of whom died in the early part of 1911. These have now been mounted and labelled; and a selection has been placed on exhibition in Room 75, advantage being taken of the opportunity to rearrange the drawings by Stevens already shown there, which are now grouped according to subject throughout the gallery.

This department has also recently acquired a valuable series of original drawings by Randolph Caldecott, made as illustrations to "Breton Folk" (1880); and a volume of fanciful pen-drawings by Richard Doyle, entitled "A Book Full of Nonsense. By Dick Kitcat," dated 1842; but not published. Both these valuable accessions are due to the generosity of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, Bart. They are exhibited in Room 70, where are also placed fifteen original studies by the late Sir Frances Seymour Haden, P.R.E., of which eight were presented by F. Seymour Haden, Esq.

Exceptional interest attaches to the Poetry Society's treatment of "The Hippolytus of Euripides," which, in Professor Gilbert Murray's version, is to be given at two costume recitals at the University of London next month. Dignified simplicity will be the keynote of the production, a special effort being made to preserve the beauty of the lyrics and to secure clear enunciation. The only music to be introduced is by a flute-player from the Royal College of Music, and the accessories will be as simple as possible, no stage being used, the play being given from the broad steps of a marble hall.

Mrs. Percy Dearmer will give four Dramatic Readings on Thursday afternoons in Lent (February 22nd and 29th, March 7th and 14th), at three o'clock, at the Queen's Gate Hall, South Kensington. Miss Mattie Kay will sing a selection of folk carols, and Miss von Etlinger, of the International School of Opera, will sing some of the incidental music during the readings. On February 29th the songs sung will be those composed by the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fremantle, who will herself accompany them. Tickets for the course at £1 (reserved), 10s., and 5s., also single tickets at 5s. (reserved), 2s. 6d., and 1s. can be obtained from the Secretary, Morality Play Society, 7, Elsworth Road, London, N.W.

## IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

By LANCELOT LAWTON

### THE SITUATION IN THE FAR EAST.

ADMITTEDLY the result of the Russo-Japanese War has radically changed the whole trend of international policy in the Far East, and has exercised a not inconsiderable influence upon affairs in Europe. Let us consider the effect it has wrought upon China. To some extent the eyes of the Chinese people were opened by the loss of Formosa and the seizure of Port Arthur, Kiao-chau, and Wei-hai-Wei. The Boxer rising that followed, though fanatical and therefore futile, was none the less evidence of the awakening of national spirit. On that occasion the Chinese were forced to recognise the superiority of foreign arms and of foreign methods. Valuable as this bitter lesson proved to them, it could not, in the nature of things, be so enlightening as that conveyed by Japan's later triumphs over the armies and fleets of Russia. On her own territory and, as it were, before the eyes of her teeming millions, proof was forthcoming to China that with modern training and modern equipment, backed by the resources of clever diplomacy an Asiatic race could hope to vanquish the strongest of Western races. It must be confessed, however, that the moral thus strikingly conveyed appealed more to the progressive or revolutionary elements in the land than it did to the effete Government that sought to prop up an already tottering dynasty. For, in the long series of diplomatic negotiations arising out of the new conditions created by the war, China, in her pitiable helplessness was compelled

meekly to do the bidding of Russia and Japan. The progressive party in the nation, to which I have alluded, did not fail in its campaign of revolution to make capital out of the surrender of Manchuria to these Powers. Thus, as in the case of the Boxer rising, foreign aggression has proved to be one of the principal factors in a violent ebullition of national spirit. Here all attempts to trace a resemblance between the two rebellions must cease, for, so far, the dynastic struggle in China has been entirely unaccompanied by anti-foreign feeling. Wisely, the blame of China's plight is to-day laid by her people at the proper doors—the Throne and the Central Government—and contributory causes are rightly ignored. Whatever may be the outcome of the transition now in progress—and many competent authorities predict years of strife before China emerges as a strong nation—it is certain that with the passing of the Manchu dynasty has been removed the one great obstacle that for generations has barred the way to constructive reform.

Dark as have been the pages of Far Eastern history during the last twenty years, Europe may yet congratulate itself that events did not run an infinitely more disastrous course. The Russo-Japanese War, with all its vast consequences, was indirectly due to a gigantic effort of modern enterprise: the building of the great railway through Siberia, which afforded a highway for the rapid transit of Russian forces to the uttermost limits of Eastern Asia. Thus the West of its own accord went out to meet the East. Calamitous as was the sequel, the imagination can picture a state far worse, a state that assuredly would have been brought about had Russia not undertaken the magnificent task of constructing a railway terminating on the shores of the blue Pacific. In that event not only China but Siberia would have been at the mercy of Japan, and the "yellow" frontiers would have been advanced much nearer to Europe than they are at present. With truth it may be said that alone Russia bore the white man's burden. Though she did not shatter the armies of Japan, acting as does a breakwater against the surging tide, she dispersed their force and held them in check. Experience has taught her that a single line of railway through a wild and sparsely-populated country is a wholly inadequate provision for cultural development in time of peace or for the exigencies of war. Hence she is doubling the existing track, and is hastening the building of a new line along the great Amur, which is to give her communications with the shores of the Pacific through territories exclusively Russian. Moreover, the State is doing all that lies within its power to people Siberia with sturdy pioneers who in time of crisis will provide an army in strategic proximity to the scene of possible conflict. Japan also is creating a widespread web of communications, and is distributing settlers throughout her newly-acquired territories. Thus when next the forces of East and West meet it will be upon a scale of even greater magnitude than was the case seven years ago, when it was computed that more than a million men were engaged, and the battle front extended over a hundred miles.

Having dealt with what might perhaps be termed the Continental phase of the situation, we may now turn to review the problems of the Pacific, which, too, owe their origin largely to the Russo-Japanese war, but which affect ourselves and our kindred across the seas and in the United States more acutely than does any other phase. Her complete triumph placed Japan in a position of absolute predominance in Far Eastern waters. This circumstance in itself was sufficient to give pause for serious reflection. But the unfavourable attitude which our Colonies had adopted towards the Japanese, and which, to their credit, they never attempted to conceal, afforded grounds

for speculation as to the likelihood of grave complications arising in the future. Openly they sided with America in her efforts to induce Japan to stem the tide of emigration to the Pacific States. The tension was relieved only because Japan wisely, and of her own accord, took measures to restrict the traffic; but no one would pretend that the question has been finally disposed of, or that one day it will not revive in an acute form. In the meantime Japan is expanding her navy, Australian and Canadian squadrons are in formation, New Zealand has contributed a *Dreadnought* to the Imperial Navy, and all our Colonies having interest in the Pacific are fortifying their coasts and organising strong land forces.

Viewed in a broad sense, the interests of Great Britain, the United States, and Russia should be identical in the Far East, inasmuch as all three Powers are faced with the problems of Oriental immigration, and are not altogether free from the fear of Oriental aggression. It is not without significance that the construction of the Panama Canal should have been so accelerated as to allow of the opening ceremony being performed next year. This undertaking will prove itself to be not only a link between oceans, but a link between nations. Admiral Mahan has pointed out recently that when it is available for traffic the British Navy will be brought six thousand miles nearer the Pacific coast of Canada, and that whereas now not less than four months would be required for the American battle Fleet to reach Pearl Harbour (where the defence of Hawaii is concentrated), with the Canal less than four weeks will be necessary.

As time goes on circumstances may demand from us a more initiative and vigorous line of action in the Far East. I have already described some of the dangers to be feared. The state of China is in itself sufficient to give continuous cause for constant anxiety. But there still remains the gloomy shadow of that stupendous issue arising from Oriental expansion as a whole, which, in spite of everything, may drive Great Britain, the United States, and Russia into the same camp.

## MOTORING

To those who have had opportunities of being kept *au fait* with the ramifications and developments of what may be termed motor politics it has long been evident that an open rupture between the two principal motoring organisations—the Automobile Association and Motor Union and the Royal Automobile Club—was a matter of time only. This view has at last shown itself to be justified, as the recent action of the R.A.C. committee in announcing its intention of instituting a system of uniformed "road guides," in palpable imitation of the familiar patrol system of the A.A., constitutes to all intents and purposes an open declaration of war. The strong protests addressed to the Press by Mr. Stenson Cooke, Secretary of the Association, against this "deliberate piracy of ideas" shows clearly that this is the view taken by the committee of the A.A. and M.U., and it is the one which will be taken by the ordinary motorist, whether he belongs to either of the two organisations, to both, or to neither the one nor the other.

Many people, motorists included, may reasonably ask: What concern has the ordinary motorist with the rivalries and internecine quarrels of the two organisations? What does it matter to him whether the R.A.C. institutes a road-patrol system or not? The answer is that it matters very much, if only for the fact that the interests of the motoring community, of which he is a unit, depend largely upon the harmonious working and co-operation of the bodies which



officially represent him. His interests, both as regards his rights on the road and his equitable treatment in matters of legislation and taxation, can only be effectively safeguarded by united action on the part of his representatives. However indifferent, therefore, he may be to whatever personal jealousies there may be between the ruling powers of the two organisations, or however much he may deplore the existence of any friction, it is incumbent upon him to ascertain the facts of the position in order that he may decide as to which side is the more deserving of support.

The essential facts are as follows:—Six or seven years ago the lot of the motorist was an unhappy one. Almost the whole of the community was against him; his rights on the road were practically non-existent, and the speed-limit regulation was enforced in many quarters with a savage brutality and a gross unfairness which seriously threatened to cripple the industry and kill the pastime. The then existing motoring bodies, including the R.A.C., were apparently unable to do anything to rectify this state of affairs, so a few of the bolder spirits in the movement, among whom Mr. Charles Jarratt was conspicuous, determined that something must be done to deal with a position which was rapidly becoming intolerable. The result of their efforts was the formation in August, 1905, of the Automobile Association, with a Committee consisting of a number of well-known motorists, Colonel W. J. Bosworth as Chairman, Mr. Stenson Cooke as Secretary, and about one hundred ordinary members. Its specific object was to secure the protection of the motorist from the grossly unjust and harsh treatment to which he was subjected by arbitrary and bigoted local authorities, who were responsible to nobody for their vagaries. The system of road-patrols was therefore

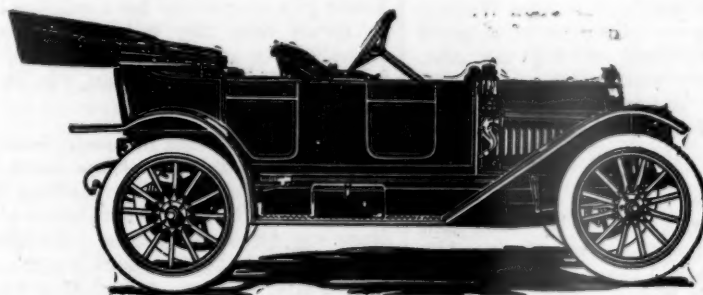
instituted, and so efficiently has it fulfilled its object, and so invaluable have its services proved to motorists, that in six and a half years the membership of the Association has risen to nearly forty thousand, representing every section in the motoring community. Many attempts have been made to kill the patrol system, and the Association has had to fight strenuously in the Courts to defend its legality. Success has crowned its efforts, and at the present moment its members can motor in comfort and security on practically every main road in the kingdom. From time to time the A.A. and M.U. has added many other valuable features to its sphere of operations, including free legal defence—which was promptly copied by the R.A.C.—but road protection, its original *raison d'être*, has always remained its exclusive speciality. It is this system which the R.A.C. now proposes deliberately to copy, as it copied the legal defence scheme, and as it appropriated the idea of a National Automobile Council. Should it persist in its intention, the only result can be unnecessary duplication and overlapping in the patrol system, wasted money, increased friction, and the abandonment of the ideal of unity and co-operation. As about half of the 7,000 direct members of the Club are also members of the A.A. and M.U., it remains to be seen whether they will endorse the extraordinary decision of their Committee. In the meantime, it may be said that the Press, including even the technical motor journals, is practically unanimous in condemning the Club's proposal, and the present writer ventures to think that every fair-minded and reasonable motorist will follow suit.

Considerable surprise has been expressed in motoring circles that the list of awards in the Monaco "Rally" does not include the 12h.p. Schneider, which covered the distance

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R. B. H.

## IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

EVERYBODY is complaining that the fear of a coal strike has stopped business. The Stock Exchange does not believe that anything serious will happen; but the clients of the stockbrokers appear to be of another opinion. At any rate, they refuse to come into the markets; consequently business is dull. I do not believe that any strike will occur, for there is no general feeling of injustice to stir the miners throughout England. The real trouble is in South Wales, where the owners are as truculent as the men. An examination of the recent accounts of some of the collieries tends to force a cool-headed man to suggest compromise. For example, North's Navigation has just issued its annual report. It has made a profit for the past year of £53,263; ample depreciation has been written off, and the ordinary shares get 10 per cent. This is a surprising result, when we remember that the late Colonel North made a large profit when he sold the colliery for £350,000. In 1903 the capital was £350,000; the shareholders then received a bonus of one fully-paid share for every two held, and the capital to-day is £650,000. An original shareholder has received 179 per cent. on his money. The Cambrian collieries show an equally good result. In spite of explosions and fires, Cambrian has returned in the last eleven years 94½ per cent. on its share capital, has £160,000 reserve fund, and the auditors point out that the value of the investments exceeds the balance-sheet figure. Cambrian is run by Mr. D. A. Thomas. Surely this gentleman has nothing to grumble at.

Scotland can show even better results, for John Watson, Limited, has just issued its report telling us of a profit of £52,698, which allows a dividend of 11½ per cent. after ample depreciation has been written off and £5,000 placed to reserve. The past history of John Watson shows a large return of capital in addition to a dividend of £33 per share since 1894. It would be difficult to find a more prosperous Company than this. Miners know as well as City men the profits that are made by the collieries, and the above facts will have to be taken into consideration when the Government is considering the demands of the miners. There would never have been any talk of strike at all had the South Wales owners agreed to differentiate between the men who work in dangerous places and those whose coal is easy to win. It is absurd that a man who risks his life every time he goes to work in a face should be paid less than a man who takes practically no risk at all. Coal-winning is paid by piece-work, and therefore a man working in a safe mine can make more money than a man working in a mine full of faults and with a bad roof. I have been down many collieries, and I have never found miners discontented when working in a safe mine, but I have found intense bitterness among those whose lot has been cast in dangerous levels. We cannot draw hard-and-fast lines. Both owners and men should realise that peace can only be obtained by compromise. So many of the owners and so many of the men feel this to be true that I do not think a strike will occur.

Various new companies have appeared during the past week. Some of them good; some very doubtful. The

Ardath prospectus looks attractive, but W. and R. Fletcher only gives a certificate of profits for five years, ending 1910, and in one of these years the profits would have been insufficient to meet the preference dividends. The business fluctuates, and whilst the debentures are, no doubt, a reasonable security, I could not advise an application for the preference shares. The H. and B. American Machine will probably be taken up by the Howard and Bullough shareholders. The preference shares are well secured, and the company carefully managed. The Addinsell group have offered a small rubber company. The estate is valued at £25,330, and the purchase price is £19,700. No doubt the followers of Mr. Addinsell will supply the necessary funds, but it does not appear to me to be the moment in which to invest in rubber companies. The Canadian Finance and Land Company should be carefully avoided. It is merely an attempt on the part of "British Canadian Investments" to get out of various options they have taken up.

MONEY.—In spite of the slight hardening in money rates there is really nothing to be afraid of. The Bank reserve is as high as it usually is at this time of the year, and it will be remembered that last year we had a 3 per cent. Bank Rate early in March. I think we may safely count upon a similar rate this year. Stock Exchange business is dull, and the only demand for money comes from the country. The international position is rapidly clearing. The United States, so far from wanting money, is renewing her loans to Berlin. Money will be returning from Egypt, and there seems nothing to stop us from getting cheap money in the next three or four months, probably right through till next autumn.

CONSOLS.—If the Bank Rate falls to 3 per cent. we shall certainly see Consols over 80, whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer decides to do anything or not. We all of us abuse Mr. Lloyd George, but in the matter of Consols he is in a difficult position. No doubt he would like to popularise them and be able to go direct to the British public whenever the country needed money. But this would offend the great finance houses, and it is they and they alone who are standing in the way of a £5 Consol to bearer with coupons attached. I think the bankers are short-sighted. It must not be thought, however, that even if we get the £5 Consol the price would appreciate more than half a point. Gilt-edged securities hang upon the value of money. As money rises and falls, so do Consols. But if the premier security could be purchased at the post-offices it would certainly steady the price. It would also do much more; it would give people who have only small funds an opportunity to invest that they do not now possess. The present formalities in a purchase of Consols are too cumbersome, and frighten away the little man, who is usually very ignorant in matters of finance.

FOREIGNERS.—There has really been no market to speak of in the Foreign section of the Stock Exchange during the past week. The only share that has been dealt in freely has been Peru. The gamble here seems to have an extraordinary attraction for some people. To the mere outsider, Peru Prefs appear to be quite high enough. But they are bought from Paris, and are talked to unheard-of figures. There does not appear to be any difficulty in financing the account. Chinese are steady, and it looks as though the Republic were now established. Nicaragua Bonds have been gambled in, and an official statement has now been issued. Careful people will leave such rubbish alone.

HOME RAILS.—Home Rails, considering that we are on the eve of a universal coal strike, have been remarkably steady, but Great Westerns have been down as low as 118½. Certainly the report was extremely disappointing. London and North Western look cheap at 138½, and North Eastern Consols, now quoted ex dividend, also appear very attractive at 121. Underground Electric income bonds have been crumbling away day by day, and the promises that were made by those responsible for the market that they would go to par, have not been fulfilled. A good many people have been picking up Great Central "91" preference, but the A and B have lost their attractions for the gambler.



**YANKES.**—The Yankee market is absolutely without life. London declines to take any lead, and New York refuses to give us the least encouragement. I am continually advising you that the American market is manipulated solely in the interests of the big bankers. There is no sign that these people are buying. Some of them say that they do not think we shall get any rise until the autumn. There are jobbers in Capel Court who are going short of Steels, which they consider should have a 10-dollar drop. If trade continues bad in the United States, these jobbers may come off all right, but it is a dangerous thing to go short of a Morgan stock.

**RUBBER.**—The Rubber Market, like that in American Rails, is dead. The public do not want to buy anything, and the shops have plenty of shares to sell, and cannot sell them. Rubber shares will in the end come down to a hard industrial basis. There will always be a slight element of speculation, because rubber from the Amazon will perpetually intervene to shake the market. There is no inducement to buy rubber shares to-day, because even the least initiated can see that the output must increase much faster than the demand, and gradually the price must fall. No one desires to buy shares on a falling market.

**OIL.**—Prices are rising all round. The Shell and the Standard appear to have realised that it is no good fighting when there is enough trade for both. As these two huge concerns control practically all the transport of the world they have called a truce, and both are coining money. Maikop Producers passed its scheme in spite of the fact that it was a miserable affair, but there was no organised opposition; consequently Mr. Tweedey had his own way. There is just a chance that we may see a revival in Oil shares, and Lobitos are talked higher.

**KAFFIRS.**—The East Rand report on the ore reserves was disastrous, and it is now said that Ross Skinner will resign the managership. It looks very much as though East Rand

would pass its dividend. I am afraid that all the other mines on the Rand are in equally bad shape, and were it not for the fact that there are a good many bears in the market, we should see a complete collapse in prices. The big houses would like to get out in the same way as Wernher Beit have escaped, but they find it increasingly difficult. They must be satisfied with the millions they have already made, for I do not see any future in the Kaffir market.

**RHODESIANS.**—Naturally the Rhodesian and the Kaffir markets go together, but as Wernher Beit have got out of all their Kaffirs, so has Sir A. Bailey sold all his Rhodesian shares. Chartered have been weak, but some people talk them higher. I am afraid that nothing will induce the public to take a hand in the Rhodesian market. Indeed, outside the Goldfields group there is very little of any value, and I imagine that the Goldfields are becoming uneasy about their finance. They were probably very glad to make an amalgamation with the Rho X group. This latter group, I understand, are now proposing a battle royal with Mr. Hedges.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The Marconi gamble looks tired, and the same may be said for 'Bus stock. But electric light shares have been strong all the week, and as the reports come out and show that the companies have held their own, so the value of these shares as an investment becomes more apparent. There is a movement on foot to wind up voluntarily "Abdy's." It appears to me an inopportune moment, for if the shareholders will only wait they will probably get more money. The industrial market is the one market in the House in which there is active business, and the public know where they are when they are investing in these shares.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

"SPELING MAID EEZY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SUR,—Mr. Lange, in yuer laast isyu, remarks that "nó riten langwij remains long foenetic." This apeerz at furst siet a plauzibl argyument agenst eny aprocsimaishon tu foenetic speling; but I beleev it iz unsound. It seemz tu leev out ov account the consurvativ forsez that ar at wure in a hiely siviliezd comyunity whair edyucaishon iz compulsory. For purposez ov intercoors a standard speech iz eminently dezierabl, and thair ar meny indicashonz that this need iz being felt in the cais ov English. We beleev that the discussonz tu which the Simplified Speling muvment iz giving riez wil arouz jeneral interest in this important cwestion.

If sum tolerably consistent seem ov speling wer adopted, and—az an inevitabl consecvens—mor atenshon wer directed tu the living wurd, the teechev wood be aibl, even mor than at present, tu teech the yung hiz oen speech; that iz tu sai, the tendensy tu chainj (whotever be its cauz, and that cauz stil escaips us) wood reseev a stil graiter chec than it duz nou. We hav a mor or les cleer iidea whot constityuets good speech, on the staj or the platform. We aut tu giv mor atenshon tu this cwestion; espeshaly aul teechevz ov the muther tung shoold hav a sound nolij ov the ciend ov speech that shoold be acwierd bi thair pyuepils. Dialect, which iz unsupported bi rieting or bi print and not taut in scuulz, mai be ecspected tu continyu its rapid chainjez; but the rait ov chainj in a standard speech iz bound tu be very slo. Edyucaishon, eeven unaided bi the speling, haz led to a remarcabl slacening in the rait of chainj in edyucaited English dyuering the laast fifty yeez; but dialect haz gon on chainjing rapidly, az a comparison ov the cocny speech in Dickens with that ov the prezant dai survz tu sho. In a langwij spoecen in so meny parts ov the world az ourz chainj can not be yueniform; dievurjens ov speech tendz tu estrainj; thair iz no gain in rapid chainj ov speech, and thair iz a very grait gain in establishing an ideel speech tu which aul mai aprocsimait. We ar tasitly agreing tu this when we insist on an absens ov dialect feetyurz in the speech ov thoez hu prezant seerius plaiz on the staj. A Hamlet taucing Scotch and an Ophelia with an American twang wood hardly be tolerabl tu an audiens in eny part ov the English-speecing world.

Whi shoold we hav a speling which represents (not alnwaiz

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fairfully) the pronunsiashon ov the 16th sentyury? It seemz mor reezonabl to bring it intu acord with the best pronunsiashon ov our oen dai, realizing that condishonz hav chainjd, and that the need for a definit standard haz becom urjent.—Yuerz faithfully,

WALTER RIFFMANN.

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To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I notice that my old friend Mr. Drummond once more assails me, and condemns my conservative views on spelling. Moreover, the said gentleman accuses myself and other opponents of fetishism, idolatry, churned-up sentimentality, &c. At all events, he need not have added and exploded over our puzzled heads the false gods of Israel! To revert to the topic under discussion, "speling maid eezzy," Mr. Drummond, as a practical man, believes that all orthography should simply be "as a hand-maid to oral speech." Probably it was originally, although never altogether so far as our language is concerned. The hand-maid deserves, too, a little sympathy (*pace* Mr. Drummond), for what a difficult and impossible master she would have had to follow and obey! Certainly, let there be light, and let it spread far and wide; and no one imagines that spelling only exists for etymologists—important though it be to know the true meaning of words one uses. What I asserted was that no written language ever remains long phonetic. Our present spelling does afford assistance in understanding the meaning of words; completely phonetic writing could afford us practically none, for the simple reason that, to quote the late Dr. Peile, Professor of Comparative Philology:—"Incessant change that operates all the while on the sounds of the language will continue to operate as long as English is a spoken language."

Another authority, Richard Grant White, also bears out my assertion, in saying:—"Pronunciation is the most arbitrary, varying, and evanescent trait of language, and it is so exceedingly difficult to express sound by written characters, that to convey it upon paper with certainty in one neighbourhood for ten years, and to the world at large for one year, is practically impossible."

Such being undoubtedly true, I really prefer to stick to an arbitrary form of spelling, since I know for a fact that I can understand many people's written speech better than their oral. That I should not be able to follow their meaning if people wrote as they speak is also certain.

In spite of Mr. Drummond's further remarks, it is not the learned or educated alone, by any means, who make the language. It is the *mobile vulgus* (mob) who exert the greatest influence over speech, and they it is who continually alter, or bring into being, words and expressions. Some of our modern languages, such as Italian and Spanish, owe their origin to what was the vulgar tongue at the time when classical Latin was written and spoken. In that sense, I believe, there are two sides to a language—and we ought not to sacrifice the literary side too much to make it accord with the speech of one particular moment.—I am, Sir, yours very faithfully,

F. W. T. LANGE.

The Library, St. Bride Foundation Institute,  
Bride Lane, E.C., February 17th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—One little misprint has crept into my alphabet: the consonant *ng* should be *q* (not *g*).

There is, I find, a difficulty in the employment of *numerals*, in that they do not as a rule exist in an *italicised* form; and I therefore propose to replace 8 by *x* and 3 by *c* (using *k* for the guttural). This will enable every English consonant to be represented by an existing type, without the use of digraphs; and the alphabet therefore remains exactly as at present with the addition of *ö* or *œ*.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

February 19th, 1912.

"CRITICAL OPINIONS: SHOULD THEY BE STANDARDISED?"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue of February 17th I read with interest an article loftily entitled, "Critical Opinions: Should They be Standardised?" The article was in many respects admirable, but the title was a misnomer: there was no hint as to how

critical opinion should be standardised; but there were some excellent critical judgments with very peculiar applications. For example, Mr. Patterson says:—"Again, mark what a change this standardising would make in the often lavish, unconsidered praise which we so frequently see heaped on half-deserving and even undeserving books." And then he goes on to give us the application in such a sentence as this:—"With the exceptions, perhaps, of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. Wells, real invention in fiction is dead"—which amazing judgment and amazing collocation of disparate names shows how badly Mr. Patterson's critical opinions stand in need of what he elects to call "Standardisation."—Yours, &c.,

H.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF NIETZSCHE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—If a writer, a translator, or a critic of Christianity wished to strengthen this religion and place it on a firmer foundation in the hearts of men than it ever had before, I do not think it could have done it better service than by those words of Anthony M. Ludovic, who, in his translation of the philosophy of Nietzsche, says that "Christianity has sided with everything weak, low, and botched; it has made an ideal out of antagonism against all the self-preservative instincts of strong life." Now what higher praise can be given to Christianity than to tell the world that it came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance? Those who are righteous are those who have been saved from unrighteousness, and such are commanded to make manifest their "new birth" by seeking to save "the weak, the low, and the botched." In order to do this the followers of Christ were not commanded to be careless of their own bodies, or to court persecution in any shape or form, but they were taught that if they were so fully occupied with their own selfish interests, and sought only their own soul's advancement in this world so that they became unmindful of the needs of their weaker brethren, then the result would be that they would lose their own soul even while they believed they were saving it. Instead of being "antagonistic against all the self-preservative instincts of strong life," it has strengthened and preserved it against destruction. For the greatest destroyer of life is sin; and if the aim of Christianity is to destroy sin and save the sinner, then it is the greatest strengthener and preserver of life that could for ever be.—Yours faithfully,

J. R. MORETON.

Lynton, Brockley Rise, S.E.

BORROWED TERMS AND PHRASES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is more than probable that the quotation from Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark"—

Pourest thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art—to which Mr. Isidore G. Ascher alludes in your issues of December 23rd and 30th, is not itself entirely original, it being decidedly reminiscent of "Paradise Lost," ix., 22-25:—

And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires

Easy my unpremeditated verse:

Since first this subject for heroic song

Pleased me long choosing, and beginning late.

But in any case the modern poet's adaptation of the epithet is a vast improvement on the source from which he drew it.—I am, etc.,

N. W. H.

New York, January 29, 1912.

WILLIAM PENN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the interesting article on William Penn which appeared in your issue of February 3rd the statement is made that Penn "believed in the clemency of James II., which existed only in his own imagination." He had better cause to do so than the writer seems to be aware of. When his follower, Robert Barclay of Ury, together with about forty other Scotch Quakers, were imprisoned for Nonconformity, it was through the mediation of James, then Duke of York, that they were released. Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia, Abbess of the Protestant Nunnery of Herford, friend both of Barclay and of Penn, urged her brother Rupert to use his influence on their behalf, but it was by James the favour was obtained. In her letter of congratulation to



Barclay she writes: "I love the Duke of York for it!" The whole story is to be found in the unpublished correspondence of Robert Barclay, preserved in the British Museum.

In religious toleration James was in advance of his age. His fall was brought about by his Toleration Act, neither comprehended nor desired by the Anglican Church of his day. His harshness after the Monmouth rebellion was on quite other than religious grounds; it was doubtless the cruelty of fear. The experiences of his youth had been a bitter school, and he had learned to dread the first symptoms of rebellion. With how much justification later events showed.—Yours, &c.

ELIZABETH GODFREY.

Setley, Brockenhurst.

## CHAUCEER AND DEMOCRATS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—“Why are there any Democrats?” asks Mr. Arthur Machen in your columns the other week. And, quoting the doings in New York on the occasion of a recent distinguished visit, he calls our attention to “Chaucer’s story of how the knight and the squire and the miller and the clerk and the rest of them set out on their Canterbury Pilgrimage,” and bids us “note the contrast.” For, he says, “In Chaucer’s day society was organised as a hierarchy,” while America is a democracy; and “Trees are judged by their fruits; social and political systems by their results.”

I take Mr. Machen to mean that the “results” seen in the “Prologue” condemn the system which produces the results seen in New York. I am not a Democrat, nor am I a feudalist; but I happen to be familiar to painfulness with the “Prologue,” and I cannot see how on earth Mr. Machen is going to twist it into a support of his thesis.

First, if Chaucer’s society is a hierarchy, it is very badly organised. In the “Prologue” there are five main ecclesiastical types. One is a saint: the rest are vicious rogues. The monk cares for nothing but sport and good living. The friar is an avaricious rake, and will bully or wheedle the poorest widow out of her last mite. The Summoner is a drunkard, as witness his fire-red, cherubin’s face, and the white whelks and knobs sitting in his cheeks; he will swindle a greenhorn, but overlooks a good fellow’s sin for a quart of wine. To the Pardoner the Host says: “You would make me kiss a bit of your old breeches and swear it was a relic of a Saint”:—

A glorious “hierarchy,” this!

I fancy, however, that Mr. Machen uses this word loosely. His intention is to glorify feudalism in general at the expense of democracy, and he cites the “Prologue” as a study of a merry England where there was little poverty or distress, and where class prejudice was unknown because class distinctions were never questioned.

I will not try to argue this point; I will only ask Mr. Machen if he has ever read “Piers Plowman”? There one may see how this jolly feudal England looked to those who saw it from below; there one may hear the cry of the oppressed and travelling peasantry. Chaucer, says Skeat, “shows the holiday-making, cheerful, genial phase of English life; but Langland pictures the homely poor in their ill-fed, hard-working condition, battling against hunger, famine, injustice, oppression, and all the stern realities and hardships that tried them as gold is tried in the fire.”—Yours, &c.,

M. A.

February, 1912.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### MISCELLANEOUS

- The Coping Stone.* By E. Katharine Bates. Greening and Co. 3s. 6d.  
*New Essays, Literary and Philosophical.* By James Lindsay, D.D. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s. net.  
*Anima Fanciulla (The Maiden Soul).* By Stanhope Bayley. Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.  
*Imaginary Speeches, and Other Parodies in Prose and Verse.* By Jack Collings Squire. Stephen Swift and Co. 3s. 6d. net.  
*John Bull’s Other Island.* By Bernard Shaw. (Home Rule Edition.) Constable and Co. 6d.  
*Notes on the Fiscal Controversy.* By E. G. Brunner. Free Trade Union. 6d.

## FICTION

- Pomander Walk.* By Louis N. Parker. Illustrated. John Lane. 6s.  
*The Cash Intrigue: A Fantastic Melodrama of Modern Finance.* By George Randolph Chester. Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker. Digby, Long and Co. 6s.  
*A Romance of the Impossible. (From the French of Théophile Gautier.)* By Paul Hookham. Cottrell Horser, Oxford. 2s. 6d. net.

## HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

- An Essay on Hinduism, its Formation and Future. Illustrating the Laws of Social Evolution as Reflected in the History of the Formation of Hindu Community. (“History of Caste in India,” Vol. II.)* By Shridhar V. Ketkar, M.A., Ph.D. Luzac and Co. 5s. net.

## PERIODICALS

- Cambridge University Reporter; The Insurance Register (Life), 1912; Tourist Magazine, N.Y.; La Revue; The Conservator, Philadelphia; The University Correspondent; The Book-seller; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; The Literary Digest, N.Y.; Revue Bleue; Revue Critique d’Histoire et de Littérature; Mercure de France; Publishers’ Circular.*

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